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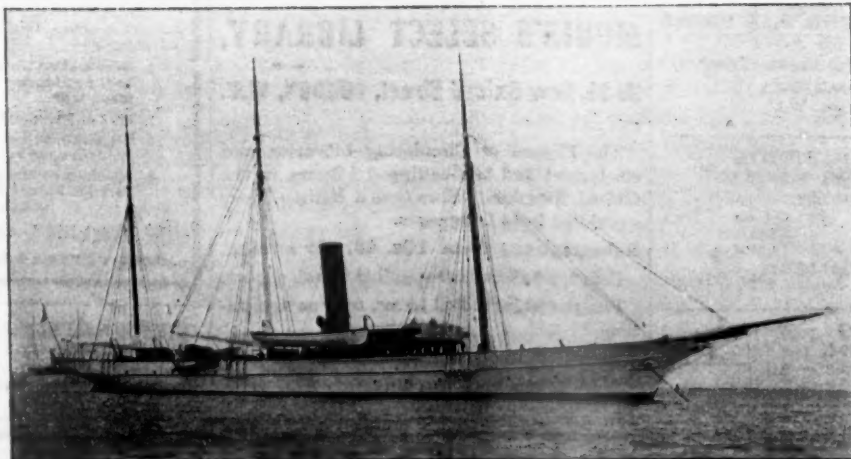
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE influence of the new system of taxation which an illogical and impressionistic Government thought fit to introduce as a basis upon which to build a reputation for philanthropy that will prove, we fear, as short-lived as the Government is short-sighted, is felt to a more far-reaching extent than may at first glance be obvious to the business man, who is often compelled to study politics somewhat hurriedly. Like the ripples caused by a stone cast into a pond, this influence spreads wide and more widely—with the difference that as it spreads it by no means dies away. Many powerful landowners have been forced to a policy of retrenchment and self-defence owing to the vast change that the legislation of recent years has brought about; large estates are being broken up, hundreds of the men for whom they find pleasant employment have been discharged—with the greatest reluctance, be it noted; investments that should have been made in this country and added to the sum of the national prosperity are being made abroad, and the whole confidence and stability of the relationship between employer and employed is gradually being undermined and threatened. In a letter to the *Times* on Monday last Lord Onslow gave personal experiences which illustrate our point admirably, and although we cannot perhaps quite agree with his closing remarks to the effect that the landowner can now "spend his time and money as an absentee with a clear conscience" and live abroad on his foreign investments, yet there is quite enough in his letter to open the eyes of any thinking man to the evils of super-taxation. It is, for one thing, a direct cause of increased unemployment, since few landowners are so happily situated as to be able to say,

with Lord Onslow, that they have every hope of finding work in the same neighbourhood for most of the discharged staff. Increased unemployment means increased discontent, and an increased inclination on the part of the workers to give heed to the Socialistic orators of the Marble Arch and the East-end park type—whose creed of Socialism consists in living on other people's money and brains in leisured idleness. Thus the wheel comes full turn—the Government penalises the landowner, adds to the army of idlers, and then, with meretricious sympathy and vote-catching, showy philanthropy, makes laws to "relieve" those whom its own absurd and dangerous methods helped to create.

The recent debate at the small Queen's Hall between Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Miss Cicely Hamilton on the perennial theme of Women's Suffrage was productive of more epigrams, aphorisms, and innocent amusement than the average man obtains in a month. Mr. Chesterton's burly form shook not a whit—save with subdued chuckles—under the impetuous onslaught of his opponent; and indeed Miss Hamilton gave herself no fair chance of success when she permitted herself such a *faux pas* as the remark that "Motherhood has become a somewhat degraded thing," and urged her audience not to listen to the popular notion of the beauty of motherhood. Mr. Chesterton quickly perceived that Miss Hamilton viewed the relations of the average man and woman through the distorting-lens of a too-vivid imagination, and did not fail to take advantage of the fact; he emitted characteristic coruscations in a characteristic manner, and refused to acknowledge himself beaten. So, likewise, did his fair antagonist—which is as it should be; for when neither side gives in the essential qualities of a debate—vivacity and interest—are present in no small degree. The chairman, Dr. Cobb, of St. Ethelburga's, remarked truly that neither of his debaters had stuck to the point. We do not know that this matters much, for they provided a most entertaining, if not particularly instructive, evening, for which an audience which packed the hall to its utmost capacity was duly grateful.

On Monday next, at Stratford-upon-Avon, begins the annual series of dramatic performances in commemoration of Shakespeare, under the direction of the indefatigable Mr. F. R. Benson. For three weeks visitors and townsmen will have the opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's most famous comedies and tragedies, and the programme will be judiciously varied by the performance of "The Critic," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, "Four Chester Mystery Plays," "Seven Irish Plays," "The Piper," and by discourses from Miss Ellen Terry on Shakespeare's heroines. It is a very happy idea to include in such a festival of the dramatic art the unforgettable work of J. M. Synge, the mystical conceptions of W. B. Yeats, and the charming embarrassments of Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey;" in fact the time is at hand when no such celebration can be considered complete without the aid of the sister island. We presume that since no celebrity-worshipping American has yet been able to carry off Stratford-upon-Avon stone by stone, and rebuild it on the banks of some secluded river in his own country, many visitors from across the ocean will put in an appearance at this national—almost international—festival, and we recommend all who can beg, borrow, or steal the volume of short stories by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Better Sort," to read therein the little study, "The Birthplace." It will inspire a suitable mood for wandering round the tranquil English town so rich in memories, so full of echoes from the past. If it is not to be found in the library of Stratford-upon-Avon there is a blot upon the escutcheon of those who so admirably uphold the banner of the master's name.

LOVE'S ENEMY

Sweet, if I praise you,
Count it but a folly;
Nor let amaze you
All the melancholy
Lays you have earned.

Say when I twine you
In a wreath of song,
'Tis a design you
Weary of ere long—
Mine you've still spurned.

Do I beseech you
For one little boon?
Prayers cannot reach you,
Grief of mine would soon
Teach you new mirth.

Love never kissed you
On those proud-curved lips;
Through no sweet mist you
Watch Love's freighted ships—
Wist you their worth?

Calm waters bound you,
Yet his fleets sail by;
Long since he found you
Cold as those that lie
Round your fair shore.

Clear skies above you;
No kind haven nigh;
From your heart drove you
Love's best gifts— and I
Love you no more.

F. H.

THE INCOME-TAX PAYERS' SLUMBER

Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side,
Live as they lived, or perish as they died.

INDEED they sleep, but they rested after unjust burdens were removed and their special task was done. The modern Income-tax payer resembles the lotus-eater, to whom "Slumber is more sweet than toil." Shade of Hampden! can ye view the servile herd who quiescently—if not contentedly—submit to exactions imposed by a motley Chancellor? Ye who withstood and defeated the exactions of statesmen and Kings!

Ship-money! That is the excuse now put forward to conceal extortion which is not referable to the needs of defence, but to an insane commercial policy and Socialistic experiments financed on the model of Blount, Harley, and Knight of "South Sea" blessed memory.

The fact is—and the sooner it is faced the better—the nation is being run on lines financial which would quickly spell bankruptcy if adopted by any commercial house. We hear of a surplus; it is not, it is true, as large as might have been anticipated, because laxness in the collection of revenue has recently marked the disorganisation of our financial system which prevails. There is, however, a

surplus—a nominal surplus—of $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions, as the result of raids on the hen-roosts of the Income-tax payer. Why do we say a "nominal surplus"? We say so advisedly, because it is true. It is part and parcel of the fraudulent presentment of the case for Free Trade. There is in reality not a surplus, but a deficit. Why? Because the Chancellor has raided the hen-roost of the allotted repayment of the National Debt. Will it be believed that the Free Trade Budget shows a deficiency of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions? We do not suppose it will be believed by those who do not wish to believe it. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though One rose from the dead." So Father Abraham; and our enthusiasm in the cause of truth is damped. We know the net result of endeavouring to convince people against their will.

Nevertheless we will engage in the futile operation of setting out a perfectly simple and absolutely irrefutable statement of fact, and in order to shelter ourselves from unkind observations we will quote the published statement of a most eminent public man, Mr. Samuel Storey.

Mr. Storey was formerly a Liberal. He has, however, no sympathy with the predatory instincts of Socialism. The enlightened electors of Sunderland thought Mr. Storey was good enough to place at the head of the poll in January, 1910. But having discharged his Parliamentary duties with extraordinary efficiency, they decided, in their wisdom, that the bottom of the poll would be the right position for him to occupy in December, 1910. Bacon, otherwise Shakespeare, remarked, "*Vox populi habet aliquid divinum: nam quomodo aliter tot capita in unum conspirare possint?*" This is a conclusive acquittal of the charge of fickleness which might apparently have been suggested against the electors of Sunderland. Those of them who pay Income-tax are then, we may assume, voluntary subscribers to the support of Socialism.

We have digressed somewhat because we wished to make it plain that after his rejection at Sunderland we should not have presumed to have quoted Mr. Storey as an authority on opinion; but may we, we wonder, quote him as an authority on demonstrable fact? We take the plunge.

Thus Mr. Storey:

The Chancellor was bound, according to an agreed rule of sound national finance and in duty to the future, to pay off twenty millions of debt. He has paid off ten millions. His balance-sheet under the audit of Truth would display the result as follows:—

I. Payment of debt deferred.....	£10,000,000
II. Pretended surplus because of I.	5,500,000
III. Deficiency if debt paid as usual	4,500,000

Blessed is Free Trade, and the results thereof. Mr. Storey further remarks, which is also fact, "The Chancellor has raised the Income-tax to war level, and imposed taxes oppressive, sectional and unjust, and because unjust, intolerable to honest men." And later he sums up thus—"Free Trade finance, applying to it the vigorous phrase of Sir Edward Grey, 'is dead and damned.'"

The system is not dead because the Income-tax payer persists in pumping the oxygen of the fruits of his toil and industry into the already decaying body of a rotten system of finance.

Cecil Cowper.

COWPER AND HIS POETRY*—II.

To most poets whose names shine brightly through the gathering mists of years, as beacon-lights leading us to some little haven where we may rest awhile, distinctive qualifications have been attached, for good or ill, by critics of various degrees. Browning is often condemned hastily as the poet of obscurity; Swinburne is adjudged a pagan; Meredith, with truth, is known as the singer of Earth, and of humanity as Earth's children; Wordsworth is the poet of Nature, Keats the worshipper of Beauty. Cowper has been called the poet of trivialities, but if it is necessary thus to docket and label each name with some real or fancied predominant attribute, we should prefer to characterise him as the poet of placidity—a placidity, however, which was occasionally broken by storms of sad emotion when, as in many of his hymns, the conviction of sin and impending doom overwhelmed his sensitive soul. A casual glance down the titles of his "Poems" certainly gives some justification for the charge of triviality: "The Faithful Bird;" "The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant;" "The Nightingale and Glow-worm;" "On Finding the Heel of a Shoe;" "The Retired Cat;" "On a Mischievous Bull, which the owner of him sold at the author's instance"—these, and others, do not ring with any particularly inspiring sound. But it is not by such work that Cowper lives as a poet; nor does he live only by the Olney hymns. There are passages in his lengthy blank-verse epics of the home which remind us irresistibly of Wordsworth—passages which are liable to be overlooked in that formidable mass of print so discouraging to any but the persevering student. Let us disinter one of these delightful interludes from its mass of verbiage, and note, as we read it, that it occurs in Book I. of "The Task," having for its title the curiously incongruous title "The Sofa:"—

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me;
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

* *Olney Hymns*. By William Cowper. Edited by William Willis. (Published for the Cowper Society by Farncombe and Son.)

Cowper and his Connection with the Law. By William Willis, K.C., LL.D. (Printed for Private Circulation.)

This is the poet in his sane and sunny mood. "His spirits, when he was in health," said Southey, "were far more buoyant than ordinary men were blest with."

Cowper rarely was inspired to write the thrilling line, the splendid phrase that flows molten from the furnace of the soul into the mould of exquisite language, there fixed and memorable and suggestive for all time; nor by his sheer labour did he forge and fashion many unforgettable stanzas, though there are a few to be noted. That he laboured at his writing, if it were not evident in the careful verse, we could prove from his letter to the Rev. William Unwin, dated November 9th, 1780. "I am glad," he wrote, "when I can find a subject to work upon; a lapidary, I suppose, accounts it a laborious part of his business to rub away the roughness of the stone; but it is my amusement, and if, after all the polishing I can give it, it discovers some little lustre, I think myself well rewarded for my pains." "There is a pleasure in poetic pains," he confessed, "which only poets know," and celebrated—

the shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms.

But if we are rarely thrilled with the divine ecstasy, we are never annoyed by the tortured phrase, the word wrenched from its meaning for the sake of a mock-archaic or meretricious effect, the pathetic distortion of language, with which some minor poets of to-day so often mar their work. No trace of the pedantic ever appears, although we know that Cowper was a successful student of the classics while at Westminster School, and have his translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as evidence of a more than ordinary scholarship. Cowper's scholarship—such evidence of it as can be gathered from his poems—was not of the description which delights in ornamenting the lines with classical and erudite allusion; it was rather, as Walter Bagehot observed, the "general and delicate impression which the early study of the classics leaves on a nice and susceptible mind;" which is often, we would add, the truest and finest scholarship of all. It is not the kind of learning which puts a man at the top of a list of successful candidates at an examination; but it pervades the intellect, tests the hasty phrase lest it ring falsely, and influences subtly every spoken or written sentence of the maturer life. It is the scholarship of gentle George Herbert, Fellow of Trinity, rector of at tiny Bemerton: never blatant, always subconsciously work, timing, rounding, and harmonising the cadences of song.

No reader with any pretension to a critical taste can deny that Cowper's poetry at times makes tedious reading, even for many consecutive pages; but no man's writings can be considered as separate from his life—least of all those of William Cowper. The "religious conversation till tea-time," which often seems to have filled the afternoons in the garden at Huntingdon, and which was doubtless continued as a digestive recreation at Olney, does not sound very exhilarating fare for a man who was temperamentally morbid, persecuted by illusions both of the eye and ear, convinced that he was eternally lost, and shrinking before an angry God created by his own disordered imagination. The dullness, however, is partly due to the forbidding length and closeness of texture of the longer poems, partly to the occasional old-fashioned manner in which Cowper would enlarge upon a familiar and well-worn theme. One theme which was possibly particularly well-worn—the heel of a shoe picked up at Bath in 1748—will give an example of the grandiloquent style now obsolete, the style which was

the lineal progenitor of the Early Victorian "annuals" and "garlands":—

This ponderous heel of perforated hide
Compact, with pegs indented, many a row,
Haply (for such its massy form bespeaks)
The weighty tread of some rude peasant clown
Upbore: on this supported oft he stretched
With uncouth strides along the furrowed glebe,
Flattening the stubborn clod, till cruel Time,
(What will not cruel Time?) on a wry step,
Severed the strict cohesion; when, alas!
He, who could erst with even, equal pace
Pursue his destin'd way with symmetry
And some proportion formed, now, on one side,
Curtailed and maimed, the sport of vagrant boys,
Cursing his frail supporter, treacherous prop!
With toilsome steps, and difficult, moves on.

And then the inevitable moral is drawn, and the poem closes, having "severed the strict cohesion" which should exist between poetry and beauty. To employ the majestic pentameter on such a subject seems rather like employing a steam-hammer to crack a nut; but it is extraordinarily careful work for a lad in his eighteenth year. Nearly forty years later, after many tribulations, Cowper was engaged on "The Task," which was published in June, 1785, and we find lines which have passed into our memories:—

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

In this poem appears that placidity which seemed to alternate with Cowper's wild and harassing fears during the later years of his life. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—my country!" he exclaims; and perhaps the finely patriotic passage which follows that opening vocative inspired Bagehot to say (forgetting half a dozen other names which might be mentioned) that there is no writer "more exclusively English." "The Task," like "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," is one of those poems which most people can quote from, but which most people prefer to "take as read."

It would be interesting, had we space, to draw a few comparisons between the work of George Herbert and the sacred verse of William Cowper. It is certain that Cowper read and pondered over the quaint poems of Herbert, and we can see how, in certain moods, such stanzas as the following would appeal to the lonely-souled dweller in the vale of Olney:—

Lord, I confesse my sinne is great:
Great is my sinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe. . . .
Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace. . . .

But we must pass over the fascinating hour which might be spent with the two volumes side by side; pass over, also, the many passages and separate poems which are familiar—those of lighter vein, as "John Gilpin," or those of solemn cadence, as "Toll for the Brave"—and glance, in a final article, at the life and wonderful correspondence of the poet.

W. L. R.

REVIEWS

MARRIAGE AND COMMON SENSE

By ARTHUR MACHEN

Marriage and Divorce. By CECIL CHAPMAN, Metropolitan Magistrate. (David Nutt. 2s. net.)

I have been told on good authority (says Mr. Chapman) that amongst the Jews of Bombay there is absolute freedom of divorce by consent for both sexes, and its effect upon conduct is such that divorce never, in fact, takes place. I am not arguing for such complete liberty in this country, but it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that greater individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility.

THERE are two interesting points in this quotation from "Marriage and Divorce"—the former an affair of reasoning, the latter of hard matter of fact. Bombay Jews, says the author, may have a divorce for the asking; and as a result of this indulgence they never want to get divorced. I must say at the outset that I am utterly ignorant as to the manners and customs of the Jews of Bombay; but it is quite evident that the author's reasoning is technically extremely vicious. Granting that these amiable persons may divorce each other; granting, again, that in practice they do not divorce each other—we have no right to conclude that the second proposition is the necessary result of the first. We might be told that the Esquimaux have no law against murder, and that, as a matter of fact, murder is unknown in the Arctic circle but we should not be entitled to say that the mildness of the Esquimaux was the direct result of their lack of the Sixth Commandment. And if we were to go on to argue that if we repealed the laws against murder in England wilful homicide would at once cease to exist, we should evidently be talking very sad nonsense. If these Jews aforesaid can get divorces, and don't get divorces, it is clear that they don't want divorces: perhaps because they are decent people, perhaps because they are indecent people—the question is one of fact and investigation.

Secondly, Mr. Chapman says that individual freedom invariably creates a greater sense of individual responsibility. I should like to be told the reasoning process that has led him to this conclusion. The members of a mob, confronted either by no police at all or by a wholly inadequate force of constables, have undoubtedly a great sense of individual freedom; but it is news indeed to hear that mobs are remarkable for their display of the sense of individual responsibility. The inhabitants of the "Wild West" of America a generation ago certainly enjoyed an enormous sense of individual freedom—they were "west of the law," as somebody remarks of the Galway people in a Lever novel. But the cowboy of those vanished days was a notoriously irresponsible fellow, if the habit of discharging revolvers at random may be held to indicate a lack of the sense of responsibility. Going back in history, the French revolutionaries simply revelled in the sense of individual freedom, and guillotined each other's heads off—a practice which is surely highly irresponsible. And applying the author's general maxim to his especial subject-matter, it is a notorious fact that the marriage laws—or concubinage laws, rather—of the United States of America have utterly failed to produce that sense of responsibility which Mr. Chapman thinks desirable. They have produced the existence of a place called Reno, where male and female citizens who are tired of their companions go and stay for a while, and get easy and automatic release. The place was denounced the other day by a prominent American as a disgrace and a scandal to the whole country. And lest any one with anti-American prejudices should say that this most deplorable and disgust-

ing state of things is due to some defect inherent in the American nature, I must give the instance of the Awemba (or Wawemba), an African tribe of savages. With this simple and uncivilised race divorce is so free that not even the Jewry of Bombay has greater liberty. But individual freedom does not seem to have produced the desirable responsibility. An official whose task it is to help to govern the Wawemba tribe told me a few weeks ago that it is possible for a lady to have half-a-dozen "husbands" in the course of eighteen months. Indeed, so free from responsibility are the Wawemban ethics that all succession is through the female line, paternity being a matter of mere conjecture and surmise.

So much for a specific piece of reasoning and a specific statement of fact in Mr. Chapman's book. As for the main thesis that divorce should be made much easier and much more accessible than it is now, there are one or two points that seem at least doubtful. The author says, for instance, that difficulty in gaining divorce encourages immorality, and one would like to know what he means by immorality. If he is speaking as a Christian, then the remarriage of a divorced person is against the Christian law, and is, therefore, profoundly immoral, since immorality is nothing more or less than an offence against the rule of religion. So the result of Mr. Chapman's licence would be to substitute for the immorality of adultery the immorality of adultery *plus* the immorality of profaning a sacrament of the Church by a bigamous remarriage. One hardly sees reason in disturbing the law of the Church for so small a gain as this.

If, on the other hand, the Christian Church be dismissed from the case, and it is merely a matter of Mr. Chapman saying: "What I like is moral" and "What I disapprove of is immoral"—well, it is extremely interesting and pleasant to hear Mr. Chapman's views on the matter, but one would like to know who has made him a defining authority on the subject of morals. As he must be aware, if we once set the Christian ethic on one side morals become a mere matter of taste and climate and period; that Wawemba tribe, for example, has a method of ridding itself of mothers-in-law which strikes the good black fellows as innocent, useful, and indeed humorous, whereas an Englishman who employed this interesting little device would be branded with the harsh term of murderer. Mr. Chapman, speaking with an authority the sources of which are to me at least obscure, says it is not immoral to divorce one's wife and marry another woman, while it is (apparently) immoral for a married man to have a mistress. And I really cannot see that Mr. Chapman's opinion matters in the least. He talks freely of "immorality" as if he knew what it meant; but he might remember that many nations and tribes at least as respectable as the Bombay Jews have sanctioned the second wife and even the third and fourth wives. Who is Mr. Chapman to dismiss Islam and China and Japan as nests of immorality? One may strain the jurisdiction of Metropolitan Magistrate a little too far.

The fact is, of course, that the author of "Marriage and Divorce" thinks that he has made out a strong, an irresistible, case for the "reform" (as he would call it) of the marriage laws of the Church because he proves without any difficulty that these laws are attended in many cases by great hardships. But he should have remembered, as a lawyer, that hard cases make bad law. You can take any law on the statute-book and show that in certain cases its enforcement must be attended by well-nigh intolerable hardships; but it has always been held that this fact is no argument for the repeal of the law in question, though it may afford good reason for treating this or that offender with a wise leniency.

And secondly, Mr. Chapman forgets, it would seem, that the Catholic religion bristles with intolerable hardships,

as we call them. It calls upon men in express terms to do violence to their fondest desires; to return good for evil, for example, and to love their enemies; to pluck out their eyes and to cut off their hands. So the marriage law of the Church, in so far as it makes for hard cases, is perfectly congruous with the rest of the Church's discipline. We readily allow, of course, that not only in the matter of marriage, but in many other matters, nay, in all matters, we fall very far short of the ideal placed before us. We confess that we must not steal from our brother, or defraud him, or go beyond him in any way—and some of us are burglars and some of us are company-promoters, and some of us know how to frame a prospectus so as to rob our brother with security and despatch. Still, in spite of all these divagations, we have not yet had the gross indecency to demand the erasure of the Eighth Commandment and the laws against theft and swindling on the ground that these regulations are "counsels of perfection." We are vile sinners, and we know that we are vile sinners; but we have not yet fallen to that dark depth which denies the existence of sin.

Generalising more widely still, one may say that Mr. Chapman's thesis is founded on the belief that if people are allowed to do exactly as they please—like those Bombay Jews—they will be perfectly happy. Every child is of this opinion, and so it sucks boiling water from the kettle-spout and digs its fingers cheerfully into the depths of the burning flames. Still it is not perfectly happy; and still—if it survive—it will repeat the physical process in the ethical field; continually assuaging its thirst in the waters of Phlegethon, continually toying with the fires of Gehenna, continually surprised to find that, after all these efforts, it is not perfectly happy.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Egypt. By PIERRE LOTI. Illustrated. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)

In the Land of the Pharaohs. By DUSE MOHAMED. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

EGYPT is the land of perennial and varied interest. If we remember rightly, exponents of prophecy have chosen it as the seat and pivot of portentous happenings on this terrestrial globe. Certainly they have excellent cause to do so; and they cannot be blamed if their attention gravitates thitherward as the needle to the pole. Back beyond the beginnings of Babylon, even before the warlike splendour of Assyria stirred to glory, Egypt had not only a finished organisation and jurisprudence, but a considerable conception of Art. Its traffic with the occult in those far days has given it a psychic atmosphere, and this in itself is sufficient to set the Land of the Pharaohs in the forefront of attention, for the mind is ever ceaselessly occupied with mysteries.

Not only, however, back in remote times is the interest of Egypt centred. It is not less the centre of interest for modern statesmen occupied with modern problems than it is the centre of interest for the archaeologist occupied with the beginnings of history. There is no other example of a country whose interest has been so continuous and so sustained. And not only so, but it seems no less to have played a crucial part at the very crisis of every empire from the earliest days to this very moment. It was Egypt that set the boundary to the conquests of Assyria, finally bringing decay into that power. Indeed, the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets seem actually to suggest that Egypt even more actively promoted the causes of the final fall of that power. It was in Egypt that Alexander set up the memorial of his conquests, and it was there that

he chose the chief city of his empire. It was with Egypt the fight was fought that shattered the decaying Roman Republic and set up the Roman Empire. It was to Egypt Napoleon went after his furious conquests in Italy, and it was from Egypt he returned to snatch the chief power in the new French Republic. It was in Egypt that the first blow was given to his omnipotence by Nelson. It was when her hold loosened on Egypt that France fell away from her place of power among the nations. It was Egypt that gave England the key to the East. It is Egypt that is the key to the East now. And it will perhaps be Egypt, one way or another, that shall decide what is to be the future of the British Empire.

Plainly then, Egypt is a matter of more than ordinary interest; and, since this is so, the more varied the lights in which we can see her the better it will be for our intelligent appreciation of the problems she raises. It is only a fearful man who hesitates to hear all the voices, or who cannot give an opponent attention. Not so very long since, in Lord Cromer's monumental work, we had the English point of view. Since then, in Mr. Roosevelt's speech, we have had what one might call, despite possible protests from the other side of the water, the American point of view. In the two books before us we have yet two more points of view wholly at variance with these. M. Loti is a Frenchman, and a member of the French Academy. On the other hand, Mr. Duse Mohamed is a native Egyptian in full sympathy with the aspirations of his countrymen, with full knowledge of their aim, and thoroughly acquainted with England and the people of England, having been resident here for some twenty-seven years.

It is little that these two have in common, save a hatred of England, if that word does not rather demean their mutual attitude. To M. Loti Egypt is "a place of dream-like aspect, fraught with mystery. . . . A world in which everything is suffused with rosy colour beneath the stars of midnight, and where granite symbols rise up, ghostlike and motionless." His attitude to the country is poetic, in the lesser and lower meaning of that word. He sees it as the land of mystery and antiquity. He is therefore roused to bitter anger at the sight in it of "that special type of humanity which patronises Thomas Cook and Son (Egypt Ltd.)." He goes to the Temple of Abydos, glorying in its smooth, ancient silences, and strikes on a party of tourists having a noisy luncheon in a litter of greasy paper, at which his anger knows no bounds, and seeks its revenge by impugning the beauties of the daughters of Albion. He has nothing but anger for the Nile works, and he imagines that ancient river of mystery made eternally hideous in a near day by factory-chimneys belching vile smoke. He wins sympathy in all this, for his descriptions—even though they appear in a translation that sometimes does but scant justice to the music and colour of his French—show him to be a lover indeed of the country, or, rather, not so much the country that is as the country that was.

To Mr. Duse Mohamed, however, Egypt is not a country of antiquity, but a country of a thriving modernity. He does not see it as a country of lapsed glory, but a country of achievement and promise. His glance, in other words, is not backward, but forward. The sub-title of his book is "A Short History of Egypt from the Fall of Ismail to the Assassination of Boutros Pasha," and consequently there is no hint in it of earlier splendour. We do not mean merely that he gives no history earlier than the fall of "Ismail the Magnificent." It would, of course, obviously be impossible to do so—and improper, too, since a book must be its own entity. It is a deeper question than this, for he is so occupied with the completely modern spirit (with which M. Loti is so wrath), that he seems totally impervious to the glamour of the country, even as a stockbroker in the whirl of a

changing market is totally unaware of the extraordinary revelry of colour the clouds over his head are having in the last rays of the setting sun.

Nor is this an unimportant matter. It is just this lack of colour in the modern Egyptian Nationalist Movement that is perplexing. We may not agree with the movement; but we do say that if those who take a considerable part in it showed themselves possessed with a completer sense of all that their country has been, if they used the word Egypt more as a word to conjure with, they would perhaps strike more conviction on their protestations. This is just where M. Loti's volume throws such cross-lights over this book penned by an Egyptian hand. M. Loti sees the colour of the country, and nothing else. Mr. Duse Mohamed sees everything but the colour of the country.

In the earlier portion of his work Mr. Duse Mohamed treads over familiar ground, and, although there are passages enough where we cannot follow him, it is not that portion of his book in which he comes to issue with his subject. It is when he refers to Fashoda that he becomes not the historian, but the Nationalist protagonist. Sir Reginald Wingate calls the Fashoda incident "a nightmare which is better forgotten," and Lord Cromer, in his history, dismisses the subject with a footnote, declaring that the reason he gives it prominence is that then for the first time Egyptians realised that England did not propose to evacuate Egypt, and that it was impossible for her to do so seeing that she had possession of the upper reaches of the Nile. Surely this displayed a considerable shortsightedness on their part. England's inability to evacuate was manifest long before then. And in his strictures on Lord Cromer it would be well for Mr. Duse Mohamed to remember that the rôle of critic is an easy one. It is noticeable that he refrains from comment on the assassination of Boutros Pasha.

We would not be so churlish as to neglect Mr. Mohamed's work simply because we do not agree with him. Moreover, in much of his book, due perhaps to his life in England, he is far more open-minded in his dealings with fact than many of his co-workers. But we would advise him, with all possible courtesy, to two courses. One is not to vilify his opponents when there is no need to do so, and the other is to pay heed to that spirit in which M. Loti approaches his subject, and to let his patriotism move more in the light of the history of the wonderful country which knows him for citizen. The concluding paragraphs of his book are conceived in a mood that is just and weighty. They ring with conviction.

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT

[FIRST NOTICE]

Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of the Reformation. Alcuin Club Collections. Vols. XIV., XV., XVI. Edited by WALTER HOWARD FRERE, D.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1910. £4.)

STUDENTS of the Reformation Settlement owe a debt of gratitude, primarily to the Alcuin Club, and then to Dr. Frere and his fellow-workers, for these fine volumes, full of most important and interesting matter, which give original sources in which "the religious changes of the sixteenth century in England may be followed year by year, or even at times month by month, with an amount of detail which is enough to be illuminating, and not enough to be burdensome."

Froude, whose ignorance of ecclesiology was colossal, had the hardihood to say in his history, in a notorious passage, that "the Church of England was a limb lopped off from

the Catholic trunk; it was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed," adding that the Anglican Episcopate was an illusion dependent on the Throne of Elizabeth, "a thing merely of this world—a convenient political arrangement." History as a science has advanced considerably since Froude's partisan day, and though Roman controversialists, notably Dom Birt in his "Elizabethan Religious Settlement," have made the most of Froude's unhistorical statements, research into contemporary records, like those now before us, shows clearly enough that neither Henry VIII., nor Elizabeth, nor even the prig-child reformer Edward VI., had the slightest intention of trying to found a brand new Church. The continuity of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* of the Customs of William I. and of Magna Charta is shown more plainly every day by the unbiassed production of original documents. However drastically reformed, the Church of England in her doctrines, rites, and ceremonies still remains, despite the influence of the German and Continental reformers, a branch of the Catholic Church. Much may be learned from these Visitations and Injunctions to this effect. In the first place, we naturally ask what was the object of the Royal Visitations of Henry VIII., who put aside for the time the ancient custom of episcopal Visitations, except by special commission? Even the German Protestant historian Häusser admits that "Henry VIII. hated the Reformers and the Reformation with a passionate hatred." He believed in Papal authority, till it collided with his own in the matter of the annulment of his marriage with Katherine of Aragon. So his object was to overthrow the Papal and to establish a Royal supremacy. In his very able introduction, which occupies about one-half of the first of these volumes, Dr. Frere shows how Henry suspended by inhibition the jurisdiction of the Ordinary so that the Royal visitors should have the whole jurisdiction in their hands: an intervention never before attempted by the Crown. From the "Documents" edited by Hardy and Gee (quoted) it appears that Henry, having assumed the style and title of Supreme Head of the Church of England, forthwith appointed Thomas Cromwell his Vicar-General, and Cromwell in 1536 issued in the King's name the First Royal Injunctions of Henry VIII. Now the real importance of these Injunctions lies in the first article, which commands the clergy to observe, and cause to be observed, all the laws and statutes made "for the abolishing and extirpation of the Bishop of Rome's pretended and usurped power and jurisdiction within this realm, and for the establishment and confirmation of the King's authority and jurisdiction within the same, as of the supreme Head of the Church of England." The Eleventh Item of the Second Royal Injunctions (1538) enjoins the presenting to the King's Highness of "any favourer of the Bishop of Rome's pretended power, now by the laws of this realm justly rejected and extirpated." It is true that these Injunctions contain certain minor reforms, but there is no suggestion of any attempt to break the ecclesiastical continuity of the Church of England as part of the Catholic Church. Nothing was further from Henry's mind. And to speak of Henry VIII. as the founder of the Church of England is simply a controversial device and a grave historical blunder.

But the claim for a Royal Supremacy was in itself nothing new. As Dr. Frere points out, "Justinian had claimed no less, and his intervention in the affairs of the Church had been minute and widespread. Charlemagne had carried through reforms relying on the like claim," and very similar to his was Henry's method of procedure. After these Royal Visitations the episcopal inhibitions were relaxed in some cases, while in others a commission for visitation was issued to certain Bishops. The second volume of this collection gives no less than fifty-nine sets of Injunctions and Articles for various dioceses and cathedrals, also for the University

of Cambridge and for certain colleges at Oxford, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary.

One of the most important facts to be learned from these Injunctions is that, although sufficiently drastic reforms in flagrant abuses were regularly and consistently enforced, there existed throughout a clear intention that there should be "no departure from the Catholic Faith."

The nature and purport of the Visitations may be determined from some examples.

First, Royal Injunctions (1536), Item 4: "They shall not set forth or extol any images, relics, or miracles for any superstition or lucre, nor allure the people by any enticements to the pilgrimage of any saint."

Item 5: Children and servants to be taught, "even from their infancy, their Pater Noster, the Articles of our Faith (i.e., the Creed) and the Ten Commandments in their mother tongue." This, however, was an ancient provision dating back so far as the Council of Cloveshoe, A.D. 747, and the order of Archbishop Peckham in 1281.

Item 7: Every parson . . . to provide a book of the whole Bible, both in Latin and also in English, and lay the same in the choir, for every man that will to look and read thereon."

Item 10: "Every parson having yearly an hundred pounds shall give competent exhibition for one scholar . . . in the University of Oxford or Cambridge, or some grammar-school."

A curious tariff regulating the preaching of sermons is revealed in Archbishop Lee's Injunctions for York Diocese. Item 12: Every curate resident and able shall make four solemn sermons in the year, one every quarter: not resident having £5, one solemn sermon; having £10, two; having £15, three; and so on. Multiplying these sums by ten for the altered value of money, the clergy in this present day of much preaching would be wealthy indeed if paid on a like scale; or the plethora of sermons would be satisfactorily reduced. Item 15: The people "may in no wise yield worship to any images, lowtings or bowing down or kneeling, nor offering them money or wax, or unlight, or any other thing. . . . Nevertheless, they may still use lights in the rood-loft and afore the Sacrament."

Bishop Shaxton, of Salisbury, makes short work of the "intolerable superstition" of so-called "holy relics"—viz., "stinking boots, mucky combs, ragged rochets, rotten girdles, pyld purses, great bullocks' horns, locks of hair, and filthy rags, gobbetts of wood, under the name of parcels of the holy cross, and such pelfry beyond estimation. . . . Therefore in remedy thereof . . . I command you and every of you that you send all such your relics (as they be called) one and other unto me at mine house at Ramsbury or other-where. . . ." But there is no account of the good Bishop's disposal of all this quaint and unsavoury pelfry.

Bishop Bonner enjoins the clergy of London that "Priests shall not rehearse no sermons made by other men within these two or three hundred years," and that "no preacher shall rage or rail in his sermon, but coldly, discreetly, and charitably declare and set forth the excellency of virtue." Bishop Voysey, of Exeter, endeavoured to put down the Celtic custom of death wakes. Item 11: "That every curate within my diocese, and especially within the Archdeaconry of Cornwall, exhort effectuously their parishioners, that at the death of their friends they have no solemn night watches or drinkings, whereof ensueth many offences, slanders, &c."

HAINES OF INKERMEN

The Life of Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Paul Haines. By ROBERT S. RAIT. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is not unusual, but natural, for a biographer to see a hero in the protagonist of his story, but when Mr. Rait applies the term in passing, without explanation, to Sir Frederick Haines, he must not expect general concurrence. Haines, throughout his career, whether in action or on the staff, as a subordinate or in command, showed himself to be a very capable officer: he attained a great age—very nearly ninety—and was a Field-Marshal: but he would have been the last to regard himself as a hero. Mr. Rait is evidently fond of the word. "Heroes," he says, "is too weak a word for the battle of Inkerman," and in his preface, "There were many heroes at Inkerman."

At the age of twenty Haines went to India to join his regiment. His eldest brother had married Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough's third daughter. This family connection proved an important factor in Haines's life. Gough became Commander-in-Chief in India, 1843-9. In November, 1844, Haines was appointed Gough's A.D.C., and served as his Military Secretary through part of the first Sikh War, the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6, and the whole of the second Sikh War, 1848-9. The late Sir Patrick Grant, Adjutant-General in India, 1846-51, had also married a daughter of Gough. When Grant became Commander-in-Chief at Madras in 1856 Haines accompanied him as Military Secretary; also to Calcutta during the two months, June to August, 1857, when Grant officiated as Chief in India before Colin Campbell arrived. Family interest doubtless helped Haines to positions in which he was thrown with distinguished men; he saw behind the scenes, and was concerned in a variety of important military affairs. But he would not have risen as he did unless he had utilised his opportunities and exhibited a fitness for higher employment. In due course he succeeded to the command of the Mysore Division 1865-70; he became Quartermaster General in England in 1870-71, held the chief command in Madras 1871-5, and the chief command in India 1876-81. Thus, although belonging to the English Army, he served nearly thirty years in India, with intervals of regimental duty, staff employ, and commands in the United Kingdom and in the Crimea which need not be particularised.

It was the Crimean war that gave Haines the chance of distinction and of showing his real grit. He landed in the Crimea a regimental Captain in the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, but a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. He was engaged in the battle of the Alma, and describes the action; but "Inkerman," on the 5th November, 1854, was "the day of our hero's life," says Mr. Rait. General Pennefather some years later acknowledged that the wing of the 21st, posted at the stone "Barrier" across the road, held its ground most toughly, though constantly attacked and pressed by heavy odds; and that Haines, succeeding to the command, conducted himself admirably—"never a man more efficient, more cheery, more cool, and more with his wits about him;" he "knew no man whom he would sooner have under him on active service as a brigadier." It was near nightfall when Haines was permitted to withdraw his Fusiliers from the "Barrier," having held for six hours the post where the Russians fought persistently, remorselessly. He received full credit for his defence of the "Barrier," but not for the aggressive movement, undertaken, when feasible, on his own responsibility on the Shell Hill held by the Russians, from which they were driven. The

credit for this particular movement was given to another officer, but Haines recorded the true facts in a memorandum quoted in this volume.

Haines saw no fighting in the Mutiny: Madras was quiet. From Sir Patrick Grant he was gaining much experience; so early as February, 1857, Grant remonstrated against the use of the greased cartridges as opposed to the religious prejudices of both Hindus and Muhammadans. He foresaw danger in certain changes which had been introduced, and which were likely to give only too good a handle for arousing among the sensitive Sepoys suspicions of the intentions of the East India Company. When the Mutiny occurred he advocated an immediate move upon Delhi. Haines's diary of June 23rd records how an old native officer told his English commander at Fyzabad: "This (Mutiny) has been long planned. We have long since determined on taking the country and re-establishing the old Muhammadan dynasty," the native officer adding, "the Hindus were formerly against the Muhammadans; they are now united against the English." Sir Colin Campbell had one day at Balaclava reproved Haines for taking excessive precautions, and remarked to a companion, "that d—d fellow was with the chief (Gough) at Chillianwallah." In Calcutta "Sir Colin was immensely civil to me," wrote Haines; "I am his 'dear friend' here. At Balaclava I was that d—d fellow."

The difficult time of Haines's career was while he was Commander-in-Chief in Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty. Lytton was constitutionally obliged to consult Haines on military affairs, but really relied on his Military Private Secretary Colley for military advice. Colley, a brilliant theoretical Staff College Professor, differed *in toto* on all military questions from the views, alleged to be antiquated, held by Haines, which were based on personal experience and the responsibility of his position. The Afghan war of 1878-80 brought out their differences. The Viceroy, by his superior position, supported by Colley's knowledge and military capacity, could overrule Haines. Mr. Rait takes the latter's side. Nothing could remove the responsibility of the chief except the assumption of higher responsibility by the Viceroy. The tension was notorious at Simla during the war. Haines might have resigned, but that would have done no good. Colley, a strong believer in the breechloader, thought "quite seriously that a British regiment, one thousand strong, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, ought to be able to march at will through the length and breadth of Afghanistan, when once clear of the Khyber and Kuram Passes." Haines's policy was to avoid all dashing expeditions and to make sure by overwhelming strength. Thus he was opposed to the wonderful idea of rushing through Afghanistan to attack the Russians in Central Asia, and to Cavagnari's project of a surprise attack on Ali Musjid. The Kuram Valley was Colley's avowed hobby. Haines thought it useless for military purposes. While he thoroughly sympathised with the aims of Lytton's "Forward Policy," he constantly disapproved of its methods. He desired to find an opportunity of establishing a British garrison at Herat. He wished to take command at Kabul, but was detained by Lytton at headquarters; his scheme of commanding from Peshawar led to strained relations and had to be abandoned.

Lord Lytton's complaint of the powers of military darkness against which he had not unsuccessfully struggled for four years must have referred to Haines. Their differences of opinion subsisted throughout the war. But it was Haines who first anticipated disaster from Ayub Khan, the victor of Maiwand, and who first suggested the despatch of the force which Roberts led from Kabul to Kandahar. In other respects his foresight is now published. Early in 1849 he wrote: "The Panjab will become the granary of Britain; you may eat bread of Goojrat flour." In 1881, while

opposing the Indian Army Commission all he could, he proposed the abolition of the military Member of Council, which Kitchener succeeded, against Lord Curzon, in effecting in 1905. In 1882 he wrote of Germany "using every effort to develop her naval resources. Give her time and she will be a naval factor in the solution of the Eastern question of enormous power. . . . She has that organising power which enables her to provide enormous and efficient naval as well as military resources at comparatively small cost to the country." On military subjects he had his own views, against the Staff Corps, for instance; like others, he advocated the retention of Kandahar; he was intensely loyal to his former chiefs, Gough and Grant, differing from Dalhousie's estimate of Gough's merits; he generously showed no jealousy of younger men and exercised great self-restraint; he refused a baronetcy. Mr. Rait records Lord Granville's remark that during the war Haines's arrangements never failed.

Mr. Rait's well-written book will enhance Haines's reputation as a military administrator, a brave officer, and a far-sighted observer, as a man of culture and taste. It contains, too, some fresh information. His slips in Indian words should not have occurred. He writes Mesh, Devra-inoor, Karsauli, Burkhak, Synd, for Misl, Darya-i-noor, Kasauli, Butkhak, Syud; and surely, on page 261, Ayub should have been Yakooob. *Aliquando dormitat Homerus*: but why cannot writers using Indian names be more careful?

THE YELLOW PERIL

The Conflict of Colour. Being a Detailed Examination of Racial Problems throughout the World, with Special Reference to the English-speaking Peoples. By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

ONE of the most recent additions to the literature of the philosophy of history is the above-mentioned book, in which the mutual relationship between the white and the coloured races of the world is discussed, and the possibilities of the future are foreshadowed not altogether to the satisfaction of the average European citizen, whose self-sufficiency will probably receive a severe shock therefrom. Mr. Putnam Weale has many qualifications for his task which some predecessors in the same field have lacked. He is not the armchair theorist who writes and essays to direct human thought without having obtained any practical acquaintance with his subject. He knows the coloured races—or, rather, one section of them—well. In the Far East he is at home, and his earlier books show him to be an authority on the subject of its politics and its peoples. In spite of all this, however, intelligent readers of the present volume will feel some hesitation in accepting all Mr. Weale's conclusions without qualification. They will feel somewhat of a shock, for instance, when they find such an inaccuracy as the omission of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony from the tale of Britain's African possessions. The annexation of these two States, although recent, occurred sufficiently long ago to render the satisfactory explanation of such an omission impossible. It will also be felt that his deductions from history sometimes appear faulty, and doubt will occasionally arise when his generalisations are considered. Despite these defects, however, the book is one which undoubtedly justifies itself, and those who study it will find therein much that will cause them to think deeply.

Mr. Weale is frankly a pessimist. On almost his first page he states his position in the following passage:—"To the white races in the lands of the coloured peoples, the

twentieth century, unlike all its predecessors, can only prove a century of retroaction and redemise; and it is from this point of view that the whole vast question of the conflict of colour will be considered." East is East and West is West, and in the future the dividing line between them will be even more definite than in the past. Yet, if the coloured races wrench themselves free from the domination of the white, there will be a certain poetic justice in their liberation. From out of Europe were derived Europe's religion, her philosophy and much of her arts. It was the exploits of Europe out of Europe by which the last fetters of the Middle Ages were struck off. Thus Europe is, and always will remain, deeply in the debt of the remainder of the Old World. But now that the era of the nineteenth and the previous centuries is closing, a new era is at hand. "The old conditions have disappeared. Europe and Asia—and later, Europe and Africa—must inevitably return to something similar to the relationship once existing between West and East. The equality between the two which once existed will surely be re-established—the relationship which has now definitely existed for more than four centuries, and which owes its origin to the white man's sudden conquest of the ocean, while his abandonment of land routes must give place to something which, though it sounds very novel, is really a revival of something very old. By his conquest of the sea the white man gathered wealth from far and wide, and shook off his provincialism. Knowledge naturally followed; with knowledge came power; and this power led to his world-dominion. Marvellous indeed is it thus to follow out the long yet eminently simple chain of antecedents which brings us to the present day." In this passage is summed up Mr. Weale's philosophy.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Weale foresees the possibility, much less the probability, of the subjugation of Europe or of North America by the black or yellow races. To him such a *dénouement* is unthinkable. Within certain limits, he holds, the boundaries of all the races are now fixed. There will, of course, be readjustments of frontiers, but these will be relatively trifling. In the future, he states unhesitatingly and unequivocally, there will be no more migrations *en masse* as in the past. "To this rule there are no exceptions." Is he not, however, somewhat too positive in this prophecy? The most far-seeing of us can after all see but a few years ahead. There is no present prospect of an invasion of Europe, but yet it is not altogether inconceivable that the Chinese should one day arise and march westwards, and if they did they would penetrate far into Europe before the movement would be checked. In another direction some onlookers already see an Asiatic immigration. The Japanese islands are already full of inhabitants, and there is an overflow on to the Asiatic continent as well as to the neighbouring islands. What may prove to be the beginnings of a Japanese invasion have already been felt on the other side of the Pacific, and there are those who fear for the future of Australia at the hands of immigrants of the same race. And it must be remembered that when a nation moves no conceivable anti-alien legislation can stop its march. Mr. Weale considers the principal defence against this possibility is the increase of population in all countries. The world is so rapidly filling that there will soon be no room for any considerable movement. For instance, it will still be very many years before the lands of Russia are overpopulated, while the population of America and Australia will remain sparse for a still longer period.

It will be seen that Mr. Weale says that, generally speaking, the boundaries of the races are now settled. There are, however, still some debatable regions, and these he foresees will fall, probably without an exception, to the coloured races. America south of the United States, with the excep-

tion of the Argentine, Chili, and the coast districts of Brazil, cannot finally remain dominated by the whites. Africa must ultimately become black, with the possible exceptions of Algeria and the extreme south of the continent. Even Northern Queensland may be recovered by the Polynesians, and the Pacific provinces of Siberia are already in danger from the yellow man. The tide has turned. The future will see no more conquests from black, brown, or yellow. They, on the other hand, are more likely to recover some of their lost ground.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance Mr. Weale considers the greatest mistake in recent international politics. It is an unnatural alliance, the mating of white and yellow, and, like all other unnatural alliances, it can result only in misfortune. For the first time in history since Europe came into existence, a coloured race has been accepted by a white one as an equal. The consequences of this terrible mistake will be widespread. They will be found far beyond the boundaries of the island kingdom. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance will react throughout Asia, and its offsets will be found throughout half of the coloured world. It was the white man who secured the command of the ocean, and it has become his prerogative. "He learnt it in the bitter school of suffering, and not solely by the aid of the mariner's compass. . . . Now on the Pacific that prerogative has been partially lost." In this refrain does Mr. Weale continue, and, as we said earlier in this notice, the perusal of this volume will tend severely to shock the complacency of the average European citizen. It is as a Jeremiah that Mr. Putnam Weale comes forward. Yet if England will only mend her ways and reform her policies, the future is indeed not yet lost. The resources of diplomacy are not yet exhausted. "China must be made to balance against Japan as she once did; in the Nearer East, India of her own strength must be made to balance against the chaotic world lying beyond her frontiers and reaching to Egypt and Turkey, as well as against any new European menace." Along these lines, says Mr. Weale, and along these lines alone, lies the path of salvation.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

Conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena. By HENRY MEYNELL. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE is no sign of any diminution of Napoleon literature. One may presume, therefore, that there is no lessening of the world-interest in his personality. This argues a true sense of proportion. Napoleon strode the world like a Colossus, and men—smaller men—must learn to preserve their reverence. Lord Rosebery's "The Last Phase" told authoritatively the history of those five and a-half years Napoleon spent upon the rock at St. Helena. But this little volume is a record of conversations with him during the years 1816-1817, when Captain Meynell "was serving in the *Newcastle*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was Commander-in-Chief at St. Helena Station, specially appointed to enforce a rigid blockade of the island, and to keep a close guard on Bonaparte." In some degree these records refer to conversations already recorded fully in a *Diary of St. Helena, 1816-1817*, published by Lady Malcolm in 1899. But they are valuable for the different forms of expression which give a fuller glimpse of the meetings, and also for the new matter they afford.

The conversations range over the whole list of human interests, almost from battles to gardening, from the method of electing the Scottish Peers to the construction of an ice-machine. Everything seemed to interest Napoleon, and he

directed the conversation in such a way that he always managed to obtain the information he required. He seems to have been both gracious and great in his manner to his visitors. Here are a few samples as recorded:—

He then observed that there were more Chymists in France than in England, and that the study was more general. The Admiral asked him if he had heard of Sir Humphry Davy. He replied he had seen him in Paris. He then proposed to the Admiral a walk in the garden. . . . He reverted to his favourite topic—Egypt. He asked How much of a Ship of the Line could be lightened to, so as to take her over a Shoal into a Harbour. He said, Had Admiral Bruix taken my advice he would have saved his Fleet by getting it into Alexandria. . . .

The conversation continues about shipping, and then goes on:—

He asked what nations had abolished the Slave trade, and said that we ought to have obliged the Portuguese to relinquish it entirely. . . . He asked what we did with the slaves that were seized. . . . He said that in time, Africa, by their spreading into the Interior, might become civilised. There was an iron tank at Longwood taken out of one of the ships. He asked, How long they had been in use in the navy. He thought it an excellent invention, and wondered he had not before heard of it.

Another conversation a few days later:—

He asked me if I was married. I answered, No. And the Admiral observed that I was young enough. B. next asked my age. The Admiral then added, laughing, that sailors ought not to marry soon, as they were often absent a long time from their wives. B. was silent a short time, and then said, Yes! I believe you are right: *Les Femmes quelquefois font des sottises*.

We are told of the next visit: "He was dressed in a plain Green Coat, double-breasted, with a Fall-down Collar, and a handsome Star of the Legion of Honour." Of another conversation we learn—

The Admiral particularly remarked this day that in his description of various events he made use of the strongest expressions, and that he was not very nice in the expressions he used. He generally keeps his cocked hat in his hand, but this day, when he was energetic, he often laid it down and took it up again. He this day, and has before said, on the Admiral observing that particular plans of his had not succeeded, *J'étais trompé*.

Lady Malcolm remarked that if he had remained on the Throne of France he would never have liked the English. "Pardon me," said he, "I had always the highest opinion of the English character, and as a proof I trusted to it and was duped, otherwise I should not have been here. If I had not preferred coming to you, I could have gone to my Father-in-law and have had one of his Palaces to live in."

He took notice of Lady Malcolm's gown, and asked her if it was of Scotch manufacture. She replied in the affirmative. He said: "That is right; we should all wear the manufactures of our own countries."

We have heard that view with a more recent application. Here is our final quotation:—

He then exclaimed: "I have worn the Imperial Crown of France, the Iron Crown of Italy, but the English have done more for me than they: they have given me a more glorious one—that which was worn by the Saviour of the World, a Crown of Thorns. Every insult and oppression offered to me by the English adds to my fame, and I want nothing more to complete my renown but to bear my misfortunes with firmness."

This little book is certainly worthy of a place on the shelves of the student of Napoleonic literature.

A PIONEER CHORUS-MASTER

Dr. Henry Coward: the Pioneer Chorus-Master. By J. A. RODGERS. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

A BOOK that tells us about a man who is at once a Mark Tapley and a Bismarck must be worth reading, and Mr. Rodgers in this book describes Dr. Coward, the well-known choir-trainer of Sheffield, as a "Sexagenarian Mark Tapley," though in music he "is a man of blood and iron." Truly the little book was worth writing, and it should appeal to the sympathies of all who can admire a man who has carved out for himself a fine and honourable career as a musician, having started in life as a cutler's apprentice. "The child had not had six months' successive schooling when hard necessity drove him to help in the bread-winning for the family." The story of this child's determination to educate himself, to use his brains, and eventually to follow the voice which told him that Music was to be the true business of his life, is very stirring. As boy and as young man he was "splendid," and the best lesson to be learned from his life is found in those early years. Were it not for the importance of Dr. Coward's work as a trainer of first-class choirs, we should have to say that he is less interesting as a man of fame than as the boy who gave up the high wages earned by an expert maker of knives to become a pupil-teacher at 20l. a year; the young man who, after his day's toil, gave up five nights a week to the conducting of small choirs, and studied so incessantly to educate himself and others, that he could afterwards say "At forty I took my first holiday."

Dr. Coward was that age when the Charity Commissioners suppressed the school of which he was head master. He determined to turn to music for a livelihood, and, without instruction from any one, worked till he had matriculated at Oxford and taken his degrees as Bachelor and Doctor of Music, supporting himself by the fees he received for conducting singing-classes. No doubt he knew that Yorkshire's love of music would keep him from starvation, though he must have remembered one of his employers telling him, "You may as well go to the devil as learn music." It was the fashion in the present writer's boyhood for fathers to assure musically-inclined sons that if they learned music they were certain to end by breaking stones upon the road.

Gradually Dr. Coward earned competence and fame, for when the first "Sheffield Musical Festival" was held it was at once apparent that the teacher who had trained that chorus was a man of exceptional gifts. Now his activities are not confined to Sheffield; he goes far afield to train choirs and conduct them. His genius has certainly consisted in the power to take pains. Mr. Rodgers devotes a chapter to the exposition of Dr. Coward's methods of teaching, and the thoroughness of these is amazing. We should like some of the easy critics of choral singing to read that chapter and learn what diligence, what capacity is demanded from both master and pupils. And we recommend everybody who has to do with a choir, every village school master or mistress in Great Britain and America, every lady who teaches a church choir or a factory-girls' class, to buy Mr. Rodgers' book and learn from it some of Dr. Coward's secrets of choir-training.

Mr. Rodgers' claim for Dr. Coward that he is "the pioneer" chorus-master is probably an overstatement. There was much excellent choir-training in Yorkshire and elsewhere before Dr. Coward's work was begun. But it may well be that in the vigour of his methods and in his perception of the further possibilities of chorus-singing he deserves to rank as a leader of compelling influence.

In a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review* an article appeared on the subject of chorus-singing, the writer of

which takes a very optimistic view of the possible development of choirs and their influence on composition. He thinks that Great Britain possesses several composers of genius (we wish we knew who they were!) who cannot afford to compose for the costly modern orchestras, for no publisher will risk printing their sublime efforts. It seems that these compositions are "bandied about and studied and admired" by a select group of sympathisers. Now choirs are not expensive, and owing to such organisers as the late Miss Wakefield, and such trainers as Dr. Coward and others, we have what may fairly be styled "virtuoso" choirs. Let the unknown composers write for the choirs, suggests the *Contemporary*, and give up their symphonic poems. It is quite true that some composers (but they are not entirely unknown, though they may not be numbered among the men of genius) are attempting, in their writing for choirs, to arrive at "hitherto undreamed-of effects in tone, colour, dramatic description, and lyrical expressiveness." We know well enough by this time that the music can be too difficult for some of the choirs which Great Britain can boast of, and it is heartily to be wished that our composers may continue their design of writing special music for these companies of *virtuosi*, for when a choral concert is given without orchestra, the programme-maker would be only too glad to know of pieces which will enable the choir to show that it is as capable of varied effects as an orchestra if only it is allowed scope.

A VIEW OF ROME

Sistine Rome. By J. A. F. ORBAAN, D.Ph. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT WAS no mere random selection that suggested to the inventor of the proverb "When you are at Rome do as Rome does" the choice of his city. The counsel is no doubt of general application; but, taken in its most literal sense, it has a quite particular significance. At no other place in the world do association and imagination play us such tricks. Paris may be learnt in an elementary way from the Ritz or the Elysée Palace, a notion of Oxford may be formed from a base of operations at the Randolph; but to attempt to know Rome from the standpoint of, say, the Quirinal Hotel is to court disaster. Dr. Orbaan is a missionary of this truth; like many another archaeologist, whose province is the Eternal City, he carries with him a poet ever ready to praise his task in lyrical language. Dispensing with a formal introduction, he plunges us into the enchantments of a Roman evening; for accessories he gives us a gust of the invigorating "Tramontana," and one of those bright moonlight nights that suggest the Coliseum to the tourist on his beat. At the same time Dr. Orbaan has better things in store for us; it is towards the Pantheon and its glamorous surroundings that he next directs our steps:—"There is no better method to ensure an evening of fruitful investigation than to take a walk after sunset in Old Rome, between the Corso and the Tiber. . . . In a few minutes you will be lost—that is absolutely certain. I envy you that privilege. It is almost prosaic to know one's way round every corner of the ancient city. In your wanderings you will happen on some square or bridge which you know, and return thence with a provision of questions." Our wanderings in this particular case, after taking us past old Roman houses and shops of *la vieille roche*, where the business of life is still carried on after mediæval formulae, conduct us at length to the Porta Furba, which is the starting-point of Dr. Orbaan's main thesis. For it is this Porta Furba that records in an inscription one of the enormous feats of Sixtus V., who "gathered the waters from afar, and brought them onward to Rome"

along the great aqueduct; the water, the Acqua Felice, commemorates its first taskmaster by its name, Sixtus having started in life as Felice Peretti.

Sixtine Rome is for Dr. Orbaan "one of the many Romes in Rome awaiting to be discovered." It is a thread to guide us through the labyrinth the bewilderments of which he has so excellently indicated. It is a most satisfying answer to the question, "Where to begin?" Unfortunately, our guide rather belies his early promise; it is as though he led a band of disciples to the unlocked door of a treasure-house, and then, having let pass the elect of them, closed the door roughly on the rest. For it cannot be denied that the book is very hard reading; there is a regrettable absence of plan, and too many of the passages have to be read twice. Even the grammar is not always above reproach. With regard to the absence of plan, this is a defect we could easily pardon, having in view the *flaneur* attitude of the author—an attitude, as we have already hinted, not necessarily prejudicial to the study of Roman antiquities—but Dr. Orbaan leaves too many things unexplained that need explaining, or he explains them too late to be useful. To know Rome from this book it is necessary to have known Rome beforehand. The work is divided into five chapters—"Porta Furba," "The Sixtine Chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore," "The Vatican Library," "Domenico Fontana," and "The Destruction of the Septizonium." This arrangement serves well to indicate the chief achievements of Sixtus V., but in its effects it is rather arbitrary. The last headline, for instance, is a very loose description of the contents of the chapter. We should have welcomed a little more preliminary history in the matter of Santa Maria Maggiore and the Dome of St. Peter's. The life of the Pope is given in the chapter on the Sixtine Chapel; but whereas, forty pages later, we are told that Sixtus was a Franciscan, here we are merely informed that "early in life he entered a monastery."

Still, with its many defects of form, this book is an extraordinarily suggestive one, and, reinforced by a copy of Browning—the best guide to Rome, after all, for most Englishmen—could not but increase the sum of happiness of those who feel the magnetism of the Eternal City. All the pictures are apposite, and many of them are excellently done; the map of Sixtine Rome and the plan of the Vatican are very engaging, but call imperatively for the magnifying-glass.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tyranny of Speed; or, the Motor Peril and its Remedy.

By E. H. HODGKINSON. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

A CURIOUS book; a cool and calculated indictment (with here and there a lapse into diatribe) against all motor-cars that can exceed a pace of twenty miles an hour. It cites reported cases of gross and dangerous driving, but entirely ignores the uncountable miles covered harmlessly and decently by the great majority of drivers, and contains proposals for restrictions of motor-power and its use of the most absurd and retrograde kind. It might almost be accused of having an axe to grind in the shape of puffing one or other of these clever inventions already heard of for mechanically and automatically controlling a car's speed against the will of the driver. In certain circumstances any speed is dangerous, so that any particular fixed limit has its absurdities, and any automatic means for preventing a car from exceeding a specified limit might on occasion lead to awkward and even fatal results. Statistics have stated that steam-rollers have caused more fatal accidents

in proportion to their number than other vehicles, yet their pace cannot have been the responsible factor. The author seems to be one of those who think competition a crushing evil instead of recognising it as the principle of life, and his book virtually advocates the wrecking of a great and important industry. Nevertheless, though he goes much too far, he commands a good deal of sympathy in voicing the cry of the multitude which suffers from the "hoggish" driving some motorists are still guilty of, the dust curse (which, after all, is merely due to improper road construction), and the disgusting vitiation of the air of cities with exhaust-gas fumes. Beyond this the book is about six years too late in its object, and is too sweeping and indiscriminate in its condemnation of speed *qua* speed.

Notes on Wiltshire Names. By JOHN C. LONGSTAFF. Vol. I.

Place-Names. (Wm. Dotesio, the Library Press, Bradford-on-Avon. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE present volume takes the form of a *catalogue raisonné* of a number of the names which have become attached to different places within the county of Wiltshire. A companion volume on the personal names of the county is promised later. Archaeology is an extremely attractive study even to those who are but apprentices in it. To archaeologists, therefore, amateur and professional, this little volume, although, of course, by no means perfect in every detail, will prove of interest. There will not be unanimous agreement with all Mr. Longstaff's derivations, and many of them will be subject to considerable criticism; but any errors of which he may have been guilty will be easily forgiven in return for the wealth of material which he has collected.

In his Preface the author modestly disclaims any original research. He describes his work as little more than a compilation. Nevertheless, even if he describes it properly, it is none the less valuable. Without the compiler to put existing knowledge into order, the discoverer or creator would find much of his labour stillborn. After an introductory chapter outlining the indebtedness of Wiltshire nomenclature to Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Danish origins, Mr. Longstaff proceeds to deal in greater detail with a number of place-names which he has collected. He classifies them as derived from enclosures, open spaces, and water. In the last chapter names variously derived are treated.

Many curiosities in nomenclature arise in the course of this volume. They are too numerous for quotation, and no selection confined within the limits of this notice would be fair. The best advice to those who are interested is to obtain this book and enjoy it.

The Danube with Pen and Pencil. By CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 15s.)

THE book of which Captain Baker is both author and illustrator traces the Danube from its source to the sea. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are good, especially the pen-and-ink sketches. The author treats more of the ancient history of the countries through which the river flows than the modern. When he arrives at Vienna, however, we get an idea of the present-day life of that charming capital, and ample tribute is paid to the Emperor Francis Joseph and his popularity with his people. There is no infringement, happily, of the privileges of Baedeker in the

pages, but the author must have worked hard at his ancient history.

The result however of his joint efforts as author and artist is evidently a labour of love, and the book will be welcome to idle readers who will drop down with the Danube stream a day at a time and study at their leisure the silhouette-pictures of the cities, towns, and peoples on its banks, and renew their German, a quantity of which they will find sandwiched in the text. There is a very full analysis of the contents of the book which forms quite interesting reading apart from the work itself.

Religion of the Civilised World and Judaism. By H. J. KISCH. (Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.)

IN this booklet Mr. Kisch sets out to argue the case of Judaism as the universalistic faith of the future. His method is a comparison of the claims of Judaism and Christianity, but his argument is very slight, and on that account, if on no other, can hardly be considered convincing. The subject is far too large a one to be treated so sketchily as Mr. Kisch has dealt with it. If the subject interests him, as presumably it does, he should take it up seriously and afford it adequate treatment. Then his views and opinions may have far more effect than the present little volume can secure. This book is intended for Jews as well as Gentiles, or, perhaps, one ought to say for Gentiles as well as Jews.

FICTION

The Princess of New York. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

BEAUTIFUL diction, nice people—whether English or American whether straight or not straight, graceful and effective writing, and, rarest of all in novels, correct grammar—and yet the literary critic of a leading weekly journal has described Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel as a "pot-boiler"! The reviewer in question, however, proceeded to bestow high praise upon the characterisation. How a book which undeniably possesses the features which we have mentioned above, and also presents perfect characterisation, can be called a "pot-boiler" we must leave this literary giant or juggler to explain.

The plot, it may be said at once, is not intricate, and does not possess the outstanding features of the author's former famous novel, "The Infinite Capacity."

This, however, is a small matter. "The originality of the subject is in its treatment." The commentary is that of Disraeli, and few men knew how to treat commonplace subjects, such, for instance, as the House of Commons—not the present House of Commons, but the House of Commons even of his day—with elegance and the literary touch which compels interest and admiration.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's plot is quite simple. It is this. The steel king of America has a very beautiful daughter who is going to do the European trip. She is placed on board one of the big liners. Just as she is about to start a Wall Street intrigue against her father threatens him with ruin. In these circumstances Hutchinson D. Stanton begs his wife, who has been his standby in all the ups and downs of his financial career, to forego chaperoning his daughter to England, and to remain by his side to help him to weather the storm. This did not appear to be so difficult, because Mrs. Dempster Fiske Raffan, a life-long friend, is on board,

and it is felt that Mamie Stanton may be safely left to her care. It so happens that two refined and polished adventurers of the Rawdon Crawley and Becky Sharp type are on board—Lady Merstham and her son Allan. Having scented the fact that Mamie is the daughter of a millionaire, Lady Merstham proceeds to claim acquaintance with Mrs. Raffan:—

With consummate histrionic ability Lady Merstham drew up short and held out her hand with an air of delightful cordiality. "Oh! how do you do, Mrs. Dempster Fiske Raffan? What ages since we met!" Mrs. Fiske Raffan took the hand with the small tapering fingers, and her eyes ran over the tall, slight woman with the beautiful profile and well-modulated voice. "Oh! how do you do?" she said, hastily searching her memory. "You have forgotten me. I'm Lady Merstham. I met you some years ago at a garden-party given by the American Ambassador."

Mrs. Raffan, flattered and very desirous of crediting Lady Merstham's statement, exclaims, "Why, sure, how well you look." From this point onwards it is not difficult to surmise that Mamie gets into the hands of highly educated, delightfully mannered, and most execrable sharpers. Everything plays into the hands of the gang. Mrs. Raffan, on arriving in England, is called away in consequence of the serious illness of her sister. Mamie is placed in the charge of the Mersthams in their hired house in Half Moon-street. Sir George Merstham, who is one of the most delightfully unscrupulous old rascals to whom it has been our privilege to be introduced since Thackeray's days, on the strength of the engagement of his son—which he somewhat prematurely announces—to Mamie, collects divers sums from several notorious *confrères* and gentlemen whose adopted names are to be found in the peerage; hires a comfortable-looking butler, footmen, and an immaculate motor. Mamie is naturally delighted with her surroundings in the town house of members of the old aristocracy. We mention "town house" because Merstham Court is sometimes referred to by the inimitable Sir George. From this point we do not wish to spoil the reader's enjoyment of the extraordinary adventures into which Mamie is drawn owing to her association with the Mersthams. They ought to be read, and they will well repay reading. We should like to say that the character of Geoffrey Kingsward, a young Oxford man, is quite delightful. He is a clean, honest, athletic young Englishman, and he talks as a young man would in the entirely unliterary language of the University—the young man who will develop into a Judge, statesman, or literary man when the time is ripe. Here is a passage which we feel bound to quote. After many vicissitudes, when Mamie has returned to America, and is apparently out of the orbit of Geoffrey's life, Geoffrey, who has left the University, and who is condemned to law-books and keeping terms at the Temple, is going to give himself a holiday in Devonshire:

He made up his mind exactly to what spot he was to swim, let the sea be as rough as it might. Nevertheless, there was one face, one beautiful face always framed in the trees, in the sky, and wherever else he looked. He took up a book and found that its frontispiece was "Mamie." He opened illustrated papers and discovered that every photograph was of "Mamie." In every song of the birds there was the word "Mamie." Mamie's name was whispered by the breeze, and the light of the sun was never as golden as the gold of Mamie's hair.

Who will not wish to read a novel in which passages such as this abound?

We regret that we are a little bit nettled at certain disparaging remarks about the Bench and Bar. The portrait

of the Bow-street magistrate—not reminiscent, we hope, of anyone of the author's acquaintance—represents a person who is distinctly forbidding; and when Mamie asks Geoffrey whether he likes her father and mother, Geoffrey found his voice thus—"As I like the tree," he said, "upon which the rose blooms." "For a barrister," said Mamie, "that's rather good."

We think there has been nothing more deft and delightful since Lothair announced his acceptance by Lady Corisande—"I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose"—than the conclusion of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel. When Geoffrey said to Mamie, "Princess, oh Princess! I love you! Is there any chance for me?" Mamie hid her face, slipped the little ring which he had given her from its old finger, and put it on the finger next the little one. "Mamie! . . . Mamie!" When Mamie looked up there were tears in her eyes, but a smile upon her lips. "Cancel 'brother,'" she whispered, "I love you."

CECIL COWPER.

Brazenhead the Great. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

FOR sheer entertainment, albeit a trifle gory, this latest adventure of Mr. Hewlett's would be difficult to excel; but if we discuss it from the literary point of view, Mr. Hewlett has himself excelled it several times. "Open Country" and "Rest Harrow," to name two recent examples, were both more to the taste of critical readers, and there is no need to put "Brazenhead the Great" in any especial niche as representing a development of the author's particular art—it seems to us to fall into the catalogue of those books which fine writers occasionally sandwich between two better ones, as, for instance, when Mr. Arnold Bennett amused us with "The Card" between "Clayhanger" and its promised sequel.

Captain Brazenhead, ardent lover and consummate fighter, moves in an atmosphere—or rather a tempest—of hard knocks, chopped hands, lurid language, and stolen kisses. As murderer to the Duke of Milan (we find ourselves, it should be said, in the early part of the fifteenth century), who "collected murders as other men bronzes," he was to "kill daintily, and report every night the means and manner of his killing." He was to be an artist, to "compose his murders, give them a lyrical pitch." Verily a delightful subject, this touchy giant, for the pen of Mr. Hewlett. And a thoroughly entertaining blackguard does he make of Brazenhead for those whose stomachs are not too squeamish. "I took slices off him here and there," remarks the gallant hero, "till he gleamed before me in stripes of red and white." And again—one can see him glowing with the pride of the artist—"I carved my name out upon him, and he died of the dot on the i." Ingenious fellow!

But the Captain is not always belligerent. A buxom wench, whether she were another man's property or not, could always move him to enthusiasm of a different kind. Coming upon the bewitching Nicole la-Grâce-de-Dieu, he calmly trussed her lover and perched him on a shelf in the loft, and started in to woo the fair in heroic fashion. "To my eye," he remarked, "you need a flower in your mouth. Not that your lips are not already a flower, but that the obstacle may provoke me." Nicole protests that they cannot live on kisses. "'We can try, however,' said the Captain—and tried."

Of the pilgrimage to Canterbury, with its varied and amusing adventures, and of the scandalous behaviour of Brazenhead upon every possible occasion, we need not tell. We prefer "The Captain of Kent," the third section of

this series, to the others; it is not so brilliant with sword-play nor so encrimsoned with blood; it gives room for more humour, more exhibition of Brazenhead's less pugnacious qualities, and the love affair between Master Percival Perceforest and Mawdley Touchett is an idyll of the prettiest description—as dainty in its way as "Aucassin and Nicolette." Few readers will complain of this book, but many will wonder when Mr. Hewlett's master-work is coming.

Sampson Rideout, Quaker. By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s.)

It is some time since we met in the realm of fiction two more interesting people than Sampson Rideout and Lady Falkirk, the two principal characters in Miss Silberrad's account of the lives of some Quakers of Salisbury a generation or so ago. Lady Falkirk one day chanced upon a Quakers' meeting; her presence saves the members from being arrested by the soldiers who invade the barn where these simple folk are met together. Through the misdoings of one Darry, who Sampson helps when in trouble, and finally takes into his employ, the latter falls under the displeasure of Mr. Bellor, a Justice, who seeks to arrest him. The news is wafted to Lady Falkirk, who warns the Quaker of his danger, and insists upon concealing him in her house, although rather against his keen sense of truth and honesty. The way in which she shields and protects him, and the account of their cosy little chats, unknown to any save a faithful maid, make very pleasant reading, and show the faith and devotion of a brave woman to the man she is anxious to befriend, and afterwards unconsciously loves.

By the ragged appearance of the title-page it would appear that the book was originally printed in America. We suppose if this be the case it will account for some of the very peculiar sentences we find on so many of the pages. Two auxiliaries and no principal verb do not convey a very clear meaning; neither do sentences beginning "The which," nor such split infinitives as "to never get," "to either hold," "to at least send," "to most suitably offer" sound pleasantly to English ears; while "and doesn't suspicion he may himself be the quarry" and "The which saying displeased the overseers some and surprised them much" seem to set at rest for once and all any doubt as to the country of the book's production. It is a pity that errors of this kind have been allowed to creep into an otherwise charming story.

Letters from Fleet-street. (Frank Palmer. 5s. net.)

IN a couple of nearly furnitureless rooms in a court off Fleet-street there lives a besotted and drug-imbibing old journalist, who makes believe to edit some miserable paper that no one buys, and who spends most of his time, when not lulled to sweet dreams by morphia, in Fleet-street public-houses. This gentleman is visited by a beautiful girl who is desirous of selling him a short story, and for that purpose tells him something of her circumstances and her ambitions. The talented editor strikes up an instantaneous friendship with her, invites her to lunch with him off the contents of a sardine-tin, and begins to write to her letters in which he displays to the full all the varied stores of a meanly cynical, cheap, and unpleasant mind. He calls his young friend a fairy, promptly falls in love with her, and addresses her in writing as "My Daughter," "Sweet Little Fairy," "Dear Wonder-Child," "Baby-Woman Dear," "Little Ray of Sunshine," and so on *ad nauseam*.

He exhorts her to steer clear of the stage, to work hard, to go to church, and to take sanotogen, with other interesting morsels of advice. Sometimes he lets himself go and pens hysterical love-letters. Through all this she apparently likes him. In the end, however, she becomes engaged to a decent young man, and her delightful platonic "Father" commits suicide because she can never be his—which is just the sort of thing that sort of individual would do. Such are the "Letters from Fleet-street." Whether they are written from life or not we cannot say; there certainly is an unpleasant "actuality" about them, and we notice that the author does not oblige with his name. We commend his discretion.

The Old Dance-Master. By WILLIAM ROMAINE PATERSON (Benjamin Swift). (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE old dance-master is an Austrian, Herr Habenichts, who possesses immense erudition and the more evident, if lesser, quality of good-heartedness. He has a captivating vein of poetic optimism and love of his kind which, with the permission of the author, works wonders in the tangled miseries of life and with the unstable characters that cross his path. There is something of Dickens lurking behind the inspiration of the story; it is certain that his influence biasses the author's conceptions of modern London life. We must warn the author that in his "low life" colloquialisms he is often fifty years out of date. Cockneys do not now confuse "v" and "w"; the malapropisms he records are quite out of the period. Herr Habenichts plays the part of an unusually beneficent intermediary betwixt the characters and their means of happiness, between lovers, and between humble people and wealthy.

Mr. Paterson has felt compelled to give us a picture of a brilliant *salon* of to-day. We are sorry, for he is even less successful in this than with the studies of "low life." Monsieur Dumaresq is the most noted scintillator in the *salon* of Arabella, Duchess of Berkshire. "It was he who divided mankind into latitudinarians and platitudinarians, and he claimed priority for the remark that philosophers are either utilitarians or futillitarians," and a great deal more after the same formula. Towards the end the author's good will insists on shovelling gold and good fortune upon the heads of the deserving characters. The story is anything but a work of artistic pretensions, for, although it has spirited description, the style is often slovenly. It is the lovable personality of the old dance-master which sustains the interest in the book.

Mac's Adventures. By JANE BARLOW. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

THE adventures recorded here come to Mac between the ages of four and eight years. His infantile dignity and strong-mindedness are original, and the quaint turns of speech caught from his Irish environment make his conversation an unending delight, and show that the author knows Ireland and the Irish intimately. In "The Field of the Frightful Beasts" Mac has conceived a terror in his little soul of walking with his nurse along a certain road. It is because a wall rises up from it as high as a house, and along the top of the wall are to be seen the heads of a donkey and some cows—a frieze of dreadful portent to Mac, whose imagination dwells on the outrageous length of their hidden legs with horror and loathing. This terror is lifted from him, for, when accidentally brought to the other side of the wall, he discovers a hillock. "But how was a Person to know that a wall would be pretendin' it was the height of a house along the road and then turn into a little quite lowish one on

the wrong side?" "Some Jokes of Timothy" and several of the other short stories also show a gift of delicate fancy and imagination.

The Lord Dollar (Don Dinero). By HARPER CURTIS. (Blackwood and Son. 6s.)

SEÑORITAS, mestizas, gringos, padres, and mystery—such are the component parts of "The Lord Dollar." The local colour is excellent; the heat and dust create an enviably expensive thirst; and the Englishman is a sportsman. But—and there is a big one—what is it all about? Every one is apparently some one else, and one's ever wearier brain struggles hopelessly in a blinding fog of mystery. At this moment, when the back cover has been finally closed—with a certain relief—the identity of the Padre is still veiled. Neither have we pierced the cloud which conceals the connection of the prologue with the rest of the novel. Undoubtedly Mr. Curtis has been big with Mexican life and atmosphere, and in his strivings after a plot to act as a peg on which to hang them has crossed the bounds of the conceivable. As a result, although the life and movement and sunshine were very enjoyable, the book is tantalising and not a little annoying. Not even Sherlock Holmes, with all his cryptic and apparently unmeaning actions, bewildered us so much as the characters in "The Lord Dollar," for at least in Sherlock Holmes we were sure of a final clearing-up of the tangled chaos. Mr. Curtis, however, pays his readers the too high compliment of crediting them with occultism, or at least the power of second sight; for without the possession of one of these faculties they are left in a condition of mental muddle as to the secret of each character in his book.

THE THEATRE

"JAMES AND JOHN" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

"LADY PATRICIA" is preceded by a one-act play which no wise person will miss seeing. There should be a future for Mr. Gilbert Cannan as a playwright. "James and John" is the best example of the tragedy of the commonplace that we have ever seen. It is like one of Whistler's etchings of a scene in which no other artist would have found any beauty. Its complete sincerity, the unassuming manner in which it is written and the superb way in which it is played, make it remain in the memory.

Mr. Cannan has chosen a very painful subject. He gives us a little ordinary room in a suburb at night. Mrs. Betts and her two sons, James and John, are killing time characteristically. The mother in a state of carefully repressed emotion is asking foolish questions. The two sons are endeavouring to play "Ludo" or some such foolish indoor game. The mother is old, but her sons are older. They are pale, grey-faced men with hair streaked with white. All three seem to have been struck by lightning and to have survived without really being alive. James seems to have made up his mind that life doesn't matter, but John kicks against the pricks. It is he who bursts out suddenly, unable to put up with his mother's tearfulness, and clears his soul of its burden of pent-up anger. There is no excuse for the father. He is a thief, and the effect of his thieving has ruined the family. Much against his will John has invited the father to come to his house when he leaves his gaol after a long term of imprisonment. Let there be no sentimentality. It would have been far better if the man had died. This is John's mood, and, having rasped out all these cruel things, he puts on his glasses, fetches the volume of *Pickwick* and reads aloud to his

mother—the mother whose ears are strained to catch the shuffling feet of the husband she has not seen for many years.

James, who is equally appalled at the mere thought of seeing his father again, the once hail fellow well met, now broken down under the prison system, slips away and presently returns with his father's old chair, pipe, tobacco-pouch, and slippers. It is raining. It rained on that night when Mr. Betts, bank manager, came back to his wife, muddy, dishevelled, and drivelling, having failed to commit suicide. The time passes slowly. At last the bell rings. Mother and sons stand up, the mother all shaking. The man is her husband and the father of her boys. He was not a bad man. James answers the bell. A letter of no importance. So John returns to Pickwick. His dry voice fills the room for several minutes. No one hears it, and he is perfectly well aware of the fact. Then the bell rings again, and again James leaves the room. Presently there enters a man with the face of a priest, a very refined, almost ethereal face, pale, and heavily lined and bloodless. He comes in like a man walking in a dream, feeling his way back to a place which he recognises faintly. His clothes hang upon him. He seems to have been walking the streets without an overcoat. The wife totters forward weeping rather loudly. Without any emotion the visitor takes her into his arms. If he is difficult to recognise, so are the others. It seems to the father that his wife and his two sons are old. John refuses to shake hands, and bows. The father agrees silently in the justice of this treatment, and returns the bow. James wishes to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, points to the chair and the slippers. The old man, seizing rather hungrily upon a little physical comfort, removes his muddied boots. He is given a glass of whisky. The smell of the liquor is unfamiliar. He presently recognises it with a little smile, and sips carefully. He is further warmed by the sight of his old pipe and pouch, and presently he lights the pipe and smokes with relish. He has nothing to say. The fire is very pleasant. When his wife rises to go to bed he kisses her, and sits down again. He and his two sons can find nothing to say. They take everything as said. James goes off to see that his father's fire is burning, and John is left alone with the man whom he had treated to such hard words. The pipe won't keep alight, so the father crosses the room to go to bed. John puts out his hand. "Good-night, father," said he. "Good-night, John," says the father. He passes on to the door and goes out, very quietly, very unemotionally, and then John turns out the lights in the room and in the passage. He also goes to bed, and the little ordinary room in which has been enacted a tragedy more frightful than murder and sudden death is empty for a few hours, and the curtain falls upon it, to rise again in one's imagination on that room peopled with those people for days and weeks and possibly years. Nothing is missed by Mr. James Hearn as the father, Mr. G. Fisher White as John, Mr. H. R. Hignett as James, and Miss Helen Haye as Mrs. Betts. The exquisite art of these four players must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Herbert Trench is to be congratulated upon having discovered Mr. Gilbert Cannan.

THE LIFE OF RACHEL*

REVIEWED BY FRANK HARRIS

SOMETIMES the author of a book is greater than his subject, though more usually the subject dwarfs the author. In this case the subject and the author are on much the same level: Mr. Gribble has a subject which suits him, and if he treats

**Rachel, her Stage Life and her Real Life.* By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

Rachel's passionate vagaries a little contemptuously it must be admitted that they are difficult to handle at all, except humorously, being too numerous for significance; and in spite of them he gives cordial appreciation to Rachel's extraordinary talent. He writes like a tolerant man of the world endowed with much knowledge and a sprightly, vivid style. Something more than this would, perhaps, be needed in order to get the ultimate of emotion out of the story of Rachel's brief but glorious life; but these qualities are more than sufficient to make an extremely interesting and amusing book. In his light and somewhat superficial way Mr. Gribble is a literary artist; his book is a whole; he tells about Rachel all that the ordinary reader cares to know, and a little more for the reader who wants at some moment or other to come face to face with the soul of a gifted woman.

One is indeed tempted to retell the life of Rachel by simply combining a dozen extracts from Mr. Gribble's work, and it would be difficult to give the book higher praise. There it stands, a coherent whole: it is built like a playhouse, so to speak, with a pedestal in it, on which we see the actress Rachel; but with the stones that form the playhouse one could build if one pleased a temple, and perhaps put the woman's likeness over the high altar.

Before dealing with Rachel let us first of all ask ourselves whether Mr. Gribble was justified in separating her life into two parts—the "real" life and the "stage" life—as he has done. Of course, the biographer who was also an artist intent on perfection would make no such arbitrary distinction: he would rather delight in showing that Rachel's real life was the counterpart and complement of her artistic life. But let us follow Mr. Gribble and take her "real" life, and see how much it teaches us about Rachel.

There was no time in her life, she used to declare, when she was "innocent;" she was corrupt, if we may use for a moment the words of the moralists, "from early childhood." Sainte-Beuve wrote of her:—

Rachel is behaving very badly. She is not by any means living the simple life but has any number of lovers, and with an income of £4,000 a year or more finds herself hard up. Still, her status in the world of fashion is not affected by her conduct. . . .

Mr. Gribble sums up her life in a few sentences:—

She had been born in a position in which life is an ignoble struggle for the means of living. She had risen almost without effort, as one who runs lightly up a ladder, to a position in which every morning and every evening of life might bring fresh pleasures. Having achieved that position, she wanted all that it could yield—glory, the homage of princes, wealth, and, if not love, at least that passionate make-believe which goes by the name of love. So she pursued glory from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from St. Petersburg to New York, and took lovers and bore children to them, and having earned one fortune by her talents acquired a second by spoiling the Egyptians. . . .

"Shocking, shocking," cries the moralist, but the true critic must be tolerant as God's sunshine, and show the evil as the good. Yet even from this point of view it must be admitted at once that no one of Rachel's many loves is significant enough to enable us to see her very soul. That is the one fault of this biography, a fault, however, which classes it and determines its fleeting place. Had Mr. Gribble found such a love, he would probably never have tried to separate her "real" life from her life as an actress: he would have seen that it was necessary to reconcile them both and show that what Rachel was as a lover, she was also as a queen of tragedy. Her true biography then has yet to be written: perhaps it is only Rachel who could have written it, and she may have neglected to do so; I don't know; I should like to hear Mr. Gribble on the subject. But if he has

not given us her "top-note" in passion, he has given us amazing incident on incident, no one of which is much to her credit. Mr. Gribble is not afraid of shadows in his picture; he tells us at length how shamelessly Rachel plundered her admirers, and even comparative strangers. Mr. Gribble retells the famous story of her dinner with Count Duchâtel. Rachel admired the silver centre-piece on his table; Duchâtel at once begged her to consider it hers, and regarded the incident as closed. Towards the end of the evening he told her he intended to send her home in his carriage.

"Good," she cried, "for then I can take home that centre-piece which you gave me."

"Certainly," responded Duchâtel, "but I hope I may ask you, madam, to return the carriage!"

Not a *Juive*, says one of her, but *juif* was Rachel; and we are therefore not surprised when we read in Mr. Gribble that she gave with both hands to her brother and sisters, paying their debts over and over again. She forced the Théâtre Français to take her sister Rebecca into the company, and like a queen gave her a flat for herself. Rachel's generosity to her family was as boundless as the impudence with which she plundered the rest of mankind; I must confess that both qualities seem to me to be equally artistic.

Her treatment, however, of her famous predecessor, Mlle. George, is more difficult to excuse. Mlle. George, Mr. Gribble tells us, had been in her time "a queen of tragedy and the mistress of the first Napoleon." Fallen on evil days, she called on Rachel to beg her to play at her "benefit." Rachel declined to receive her, and sent down a message asking her to put her request in writing. Mlle. George refused to humiliate herself, and replied with exceeding bitterness. The whole incident is a sort of object-lesson in heartless arrogance and the hate it breeds.

All these faults in Rachel, and many more, would be tolerable to us were there any noble feature shown us of devotion or even of passionate self-abandonment; but Mr. Gribble forgets the high lights, and so the portrait, while vivid enough, is superficial: the soul of Rachel is not to be found in this so-called "real life."

We get a little nearer the true Rachel when Mr. Gribble tells us of her life as an actress. Acting is often termed a half-art, but if compared with a true half-art, such as rhetoric or reporting, it is seen to be inferior. The speech lives when the speaker is dead: it appeals to generations who never knew the author: they can judge him and their debt to him. But the actor once dead is dead for all time, like the violin-player or the dancer. During his life-time even, once he is past his prime, the mummer makes no further appeal; Rachel at the end is no better than a Ristori. There is something pathetic in this tragic insignificance; the actor's triumph is but for a moment; he is an echo, not a voice, and we have reason even to suspect that the best echoes are not given by the best voices. This is the kernel of the whole matter, and allows us to bring even the actor of the past to present judgment.

It has been noticed that every actor is a success in "Hamlet," while no actor has yet been able to make Hamlet his own. No one fails in the great part; your Fechter, and Irving, and Robertson each finds a moment in it which allows him to display his full powers; but at other moments he fails. The humanity of Hamlet is too large for them all; they can fill his shoes with ease, even his trunk-hose and his doublet with a little padding, but his hat is too large for them; he has thoughts that dwarf their utterance. We prefer to read his soliloquy to hearing the best of them mouth and deform it. No actor yet has made Hamlet his own as Salvini, for example, annexed Othello, and as Possart annexed Shylock, and Hamlet is but a part-of

Shakespeare. The greatest of actors put to this test show as men of ordinary stature with a little special endowment in this or that direction. One of them can show jealousy, another tenderness, another valiance, or pride, or hate; but the whole gamut escapes all of them: they are at best good echoes of one or at most of two or three emotions. And if actresses appear more satisfactory to us, it is because imitation and echoing seem more natural in a woman. For if we bring the great actresses to the same test they fail in the same way: the Duse is at her worst in "Cleopatra;" Bernhardt is at her best in the "Dame aux Camélias." The "Demi-Monde" or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" are the plays which show our actresses at their best; the tight-laced modern figure gives them ample scope. And if we place Rachel under this standard she seems a little larger, but not much. Her greatest success was made in half-singing, half-reciting the "Marseillaise," and, so far as one can judge, her "Phédre" was for her as for Bernhardt the best part among the great plays. A little bigger than Bernhardt probably was Rachel; but that is not much, for even a Charlotte Brontë, as we shall see, will measure herself beside her, and come off victorious.

We have all sorts of estimates from gifted contemporaries of Rachel's power as an actress. Fanny Kemble in London declared that "neither Ristori nor Sarah Bernhardt was worthy to be mentioned in the same sentence with her." Matthew Arnold put it on record that Rachel's art began where the art of Madame Bernhardt leaves off, and if this is not enough to convince us, we have that magnificent page in "Villette," in which Charlotte Brontë, then a poor little governess at Brussels, gives her vision of the sister-soul:—

I had heard this woman termed "plain," and I expected bony harshness and grimness—something large, angular, sallow. What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti: a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in flame.

For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though an unique woman, who moved in might and grace before this multitude. By and by I recognised my mistake. Behold! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man: in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature; and as the action rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote HELL on her straight, haughty brow. They turned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate she stood.

It was a marvellous sight: a mighty revelation.

It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral.

Vashti was not good, I was told; and I have said she did not look good: though a spirit, she was a spirit out of Tophet. Well, if so much of unholy force can arise from below, may not an equal efflux of sacred essence descend one day from above?

I had seen acting before, but never anything like this: never anything which astonished Hope, and hushed Desire; which outstripped Impulse, and paled Conception; which, instead of merely irritating imagination with the thought of what *might* be done, at the same time fevering the nerves because it was *not* done, disclosed power like a deep, swollen winter river, thundering in cataract, and bearing the soul, like a leaf, on the steep and steel sweep of its descent.

I have put three lines of this wonderful report in italics: they are the three lines in which the poor little passionate governess discovers her own soul, and puts on record her hope that she herself may be found to be as great an influence for good as Rachel was for evil. But Charlotte Brontë ought to have known that Rachel too, though she

came straight from Hell, must have cherished in her human soul at least as lofty an ambition. Fortunately Mr. Gribble has not omitted to give us this side of Rachel the actress. She writes to Legouvé towards the very end of her life:—

What would you say if I revealed my inner thoughts to you? You admire me, I believe. You are in ecstasies when I play. Well, I assure you, there is a Rachel in me ten times superior to the Rachel whom you know. I have not been one quarter as great as I might have been. I have talent, but I might have had genius. Ah, if only I had been brought up differently! If I had had different friends around me! If I had lived a better life! What an artist I should have been in that case! When I think of it such a regret steals over me. . . .

If Charlotte Brontë had read this letter she might have learned from it that the chief difference between herself and Rachel was not one of virtue or of vice, but one of circumstance and opportunity. Here at length we have a glimpse of Rachel's tormented soul—a passionate aspiration, a passionate regret.

THE SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS *

[FIRST NOTICE]

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

"I HAVE just said such a silly thing," it is alleged a well-known M.P., who is now a Peer, once remarked to Willie Peel. "Forgetting he was the son of his father, I said to Edward Gully, 'I firmly believe Lowther is the best Speaker we have ever had.'"

"If you go into Brooks's this afternoon you will probably meet one of the Brands," said Peel dryly.

Whether the present distinguished occupant of the Chair is or is not the best occupant it ever had can be partly solved by a perusal of this delightful volume. In 450 pages it is a Constitutional history from the year 1226 onwards, and a vast amount of careful research and reading must have gone to compile it; yet it is apparent all through that its publication will bring forth further facts which will make a second edition more complete in every way. It is curious to find on reading the book that as a rule the Speakers were not interesting characters. Some were great men, like Moore and Coke; but, as is pointed out, the tenure of the Chair was merely a passing incident, and had little to do with the work of their lives or their influence on their times. Hence we shall cull from this volume such occurrences as throw light on the institution rather than on the biographies of the Speakers.

Of all of them Mr. John Lane has only been able to collect portraits of eighty-one, and he pleads in his "note on the illustrations" for a Royal Commission on Historical Portraits on the same lines as the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts: "For I have abundant proof of surprising ignorance on the part of many owners of portraits of distinguished Englishmen, who neither know the names of the subjects of the portraits they possess nor those of the artists who painted them." The head of one notable house

sent him three portraits of successive ancestors, each bearing the same Christian name, but which was which, and which was the man he wanted, he had to discover for himself. He gives other instances of indifference and ignorance which support the aims of the "Art Collectors' Protection Association."

The book is no dry-as-dust compilation, with a chapter devoted to each speaker, but a light and very readable account of Westminster and Parliament, and the influence the Speaker for the time being had upon the House of Commons. The scope of the work is described in the Preface, and even here out-of-the-way scraps of information are interjected. For instance, how many Londoners who think they know London are aware that there is a custom still annually observed of opening the gate leading from Dean's Yard into Great College Street on the first day of a new Session and no other? This practice, apparently far from being a mere police regulation of modern date, carries the mind back to that remote period when the Plantagenet Kings, in conjunction with the Abbots of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury, watched with jealous care the growth of representative institutions. Mr. Lane's interesting note on the illustrations in the same way bring in odd bits of information. He refers to an artist, one John Michael Wright, as the only man he can recollect who was endowed with two Christian names in the seventeenth century, and notes that the present Mace has lost in weight since it left the silversmiths no less than twenty-three ounces.

The chapter dealing with the Genesis of Westminster is written in that light, sketchy style which reminds one of John Richard Green's stray study on "Lambeth and the Archbishops." We are told how the Church and the adjoining Abbey had much to do with the gradual evolution of the Mother of Parliaments. Thorny Island, on which Palace Hall and the Abbey stand, is clearly described from a topographical point of view.

The early speakers and their precursors are next dealt with; incidentally we are shown the gradual decline of the feudal aristocracy of the Norman Conquest, and the expulsion of foreigners which enabled the great Simon de Montfort (whose shield, a double-tailed lion, is reproduced on the cover of the volume) to realise his dream of "England for the English." Thus we see that the Alien Immigration Question is not an affair of yesterday. In 1304-5 the Irish question had apparently commenced to loom on the political horizon, and it is interesting to learn in these days of would-be Separation that two natives of the sister Isle actually petitioned the King to be placed under English rule.

The exhaustion of the English nobility owing to the Wars of the Roses caused an increase in the representatives of the upper middle-classes in the House of Commons, but for a period, perhaps naturally, the House became more subservient to the Crown under the House of York. The thirty-three Speakers who sat under the Tudors saw further restrictions of the power of the House of Commons; whilst the power of the Privy Council increased. A reference to the Speakership of Sir Reginald Bray brings out the fact that he was not, as is generally supposed, the architect of Henry VII. Chapel; and Mr. Dasent gives an appreciative criticism of the present Houses of Parliament. From investigations recently made we found that eighty-one Members of the Long family had sat as Knights of the Shire. Mr. Dasent records that a Lowther sat as M.P. for Westminster exactly 600 years before a Member of the same ancient Northern family was raised to the Chair in 1905. In 1362 the King's Speech was first delivered in English, though for long afterwards the records continued to be kept in Norman French. The first portrait of a Speaker given is that of Sir Thomas Hungerford (1376-7), who made what

* *The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries.* By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes on the Illustrations by John Lane, and a Portrait of every Speaker where one is known to exist. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

was then a daring speech to the Throne at the close of the Session, calling the King's attention to various grievances and alleged infringements of the liberties of his subjects, both male and female. Henry IV. set a precedent which has never since been observed, when in 1492 he invited the Commons to dine with him at the close of the Session.

In his sixth chapter the author deals with the new and aggressive spirit which showed itself early in the reign of James II., and increased until the Stuarts were driven from power. In the reign of Charles I. it was decided that "from this time forth the history of England should be written at the Table of the House of Commons," and from time to time Mr. Dasent refers to the various clerks and clerks-assistant of note. An interesting account is given of a deadlock between the two Houses in June, 1628, over a Bill of Subsidies. The Lords finally passed the Bill as it stood, whereupon the Commons sent them a message, which concluded by saying, "that they will always endeavour to continue a good correspondence with their lordships, knowing well that the good concurrence between the two Houses is the very heartstring of the Commonwealth, and they shall be ever as jealous of their lordships' privileges as of their own rights."

Several pages are devoted to Lenthall. John Foster called him weak and commonplace, whilst, in the opinion of the compiler, the late Charles Townsend overstates the case when he calls Lenthall a poor creature, the tame instrument of a worse and more vulgar tyranny, the buffeted tool of the Army and the Rump. No man who presided so long over so difficult an Assembly in such momentous times can have been aught but a man of uncommon form of character. As the author points out, in the case of an office like that of the Speaker, there can be no posthumous fame without contemporary appreciation. And this, notwithstanding the adverse opinions quoted above, was accorded to the presiding genius of the Long Parliament to an extent unparalleled in the previous history of the Chair.

The oft-told story of the impeachment of the five members is graphically described. Leave was given to the accused to withdraw; but they had barely quitted the House and reached the boats which lay in the river at Westminster stairs when a loud knock on the door announced the entrance of the only King of England who had ever penetrated into the House of Commons in session. Rushworth's (the clerk-assistant) notes are fully inserted, the author remarking that it is fortunate for posterity that he disregarded the condition of his appointment on April 25th, 1640—viz., that he should not take any notes, but only the orders and reports made in the House.

Two ex-Speakers died on the same day in the persons of Dudley and Empson, they having expiated their crimes on Tower-hill. The nearest parallels were when Chaloner Chute and Lisleburne Long died within a month of each other, and when Speaker Cornwall expired within twenty-four hours of his old antagonist, Fletcher Norton. Some amusing records of payments of members occur in the fifteenth century, as when John Strange entered into an agreement with the Bailiffs of Dunwich to give his attendance at Westminster in return "for a cade of full herring, whether the House holds long time or short." Weymouth secured a member for five hundred mackerel, whilst Ipswich allowed William Worsop, in 1462, 5s. per week, and a blackleg, in the person of John Walworth, the junior member, agreed to "do the job" for 3s. 6d. In Elizabeth's reign the House was called over at the opening of every session, and members in their places answered to their names; there seems always, however, to have been a difficulty in securing regular and constant attendance—even such expedients as forcibly locking the doors until the business of the day was done does not appear to have been effective or satisfactory. Parliament sometimes did not meet for long intervals. It was

seven years after the previous one had come to an end that the great Sir Thomas Moore, the first layman with one exception to be Chancellor of England, was chosen as speaker.

A witty saying, recorded by Bacon of Sir John Popham, Speaker from 1580 to 1583, might be repeated to-day. The Commons had sat a long time without achieving much in the way of legislation, and when Queen Elizabeth asked him: "What hath passed in the House, Mr. Speaker?" he made answer, "May it please your Majesty, seven weeks." Spencer Croke was responsible for the introduction of several orders for the convenience of members. They were forbidden to come into the House with spurs; a similar restriction was sought to be imposed on rapiers, but it would seem that the red lines which still appear in the druggett were needed much later to prevent members in the heat of debate from lunging at each other.

AN OXFORD POEM BY HENRY VAUGHAN—I.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SOME octosyllabic iambs, bearing the dedicatory title, "To My Ingenuous Friend, R. W.," stand first, by Henry Vaughan's own arrangement, in his first book, printed by Badger, "under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street," 1646. As the poem is not eminent in point of quality in that promising but heterogeneous collection, it may have been set to stand in the forefront of the little octavo (now excessively rare), simply to mark it as first in point of time. There are many considerations which incline one to accept it as appertaining to the year 1640. Like most things of Vaughan's writing, these quick-moving lines take a deal of reading, but they do not fail to reward it.

TO MY INGENUOUS FRIEND, R. W.

When we are dead, and now no more
Our harmless mirth, our wit, and score
Distracts the town; when all is spent
That the base niggard world hath lent
Thy purse, or mine; when the loath'd noise
Of drawers, 'prentices and boys
Hath left us, and the clamorous bar
Items no pints in the Moon or Star;
When no calm whisperers wait the doors
To fright us with forgotten scores,
And such aged long bills carry
As might start an antiquary;
When the sad tumults of the maze, (1)
Arrests, suits, and the dreadful face
Of sergeants are not seen, and we
No lawyers' ruffs (2), or gowns must fee:
When all these mulcts are paid, and I
From thee, dear wit, must part, and die,
We'll beg the world would be so kind
To give's one grave as we'd one mind.
There (as the wiser few suspect
That spirits after death affect)
Our souls shall meet, and thence will they,
Freed from the tyranny of clay,

(1) So in all editions, ancient and modern. "Mace" is suggested as the correct reading.

(2) Lawyers retained the Elizabethan ruff long after others had laid them by. It was a professional appanage.

At which I 'gan to quarrell, till a neat
Man in a ruff (*whom therefore I did take*
For barrister) opened his mouth and spake.

—Cowley's *Poeticall Revenge*.

With equal wings, and ancient love
Into the Elysian Fields remove,
Where in those blessed walks they'll find
More of thy genius, and my mind.

First, in the shade of his own bays,
Great Ben they'll see, whose sacred lays
The learned ghosts admire, and throng
To catch the subject of his song.
Then Randolph in those holy meads
His "Lovers" and "Amyntas" reads,
Whilst his Nightingale, close by,
Sings his and her own elegy.
From thence dismiss'd, by subtle roads,
Through airy paths and sad abodes, (3)
They'll come into the drowsy fields
Of Lethe, which such virtue yields,
That if what poets sing be true,
The streams all sorrow can subdue.
Here, on a silent shady green,
The souls of lovers oft are seen,
Who, in their life's unhappy space,
Were murder'd by some perjurd face.
All these th' enchanted streams frequent
To drown their cares and discontent,
That th' inconstant, cruel sex
Might not in death their spirits vex.

And here our souls, big with delight
Of their new state, will cease their flight:
And now the last thoughts will appear,
They'll have of us, or any here (4);
But on those flowery banks will (5) stay,
And drink all sense and cares away.
So that they did of these (6) discuss,
Shall find their fables true in us.

May not the first part of this poem be something more than an exercise of mere imagination? Is it rash to suspect that it contains a reflection of Oxford manners and customs before the Laudian reform had had time to pacify it wholly from its mediæval turbulence, before the Civil Wars had blocked the progress of ideas already operative in Vaughan's time and operative since? Assume that much, and the curtain rises, as it were, on Henry Vaughan in what he calls "his fierce wild blood," the "confusions of a wasted youth." He is not curled up on the Elizabethan sill of his College room, reading Aristotle. He is in a local tavern, having a beautiful time with "royal witty sack, the poet's soul," and with a young gentleman whose enjoyments and difficulties are akin to his own.

There is ample contemporary evidence to show us the free, tippling, roystering life of the place and period. One or two extracts may suffice. Wood, in his "History," speaking of the years 1638-39, has this to say: "The Schollers were hunted out of alehouses and taverns by the Vice-Chancellors and Proctors constant walking." One Proctor, in particular, who in this matter "had been very strict in his office, having been much press'd by admonitions from the Chancellor," had the piper to pay. "He received great affronts and abuses, both by hissing and hooting at him in St.

(3) "Airy paths" is in Denham's "Cooper's Hill," 1641. Vaughan's line is much in the manner of Milton's "Penseroso."

(4) "They" seems to refer to "souls," though the statement is somewhat obscure. If "they" be "our souls," then "us . . . here" must mean bodies, described as left behind in the grave.

(5) The original "will" is so awkward that it tempts one to think "we'll" or "they'll" must have been Vaughan's word; yet "will" in the third line preceding gives the second "will" some grammatical if not artistic relation to the context.

(6) "These," the legendary "lovers" aforesaid, predecessors, not prototypes of "us."

Maries chancell when hee made his farewell speech (7), and in flinging stones at him on his returne thence to his Colledge." Cleveland, an Oxford man, has some couplets on Sandbourne, the city "shrief," and on the "mad youngsters" who committed depredations on his cellars.

He never had complained had it bin
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin (8).
But when a Barrell dayly is drawne out,
My Masters, then 'tis time to looke about!
Is this a lye, throw ye? I tell you No:
My Lord High Chancellour was inform'd so.

Not a few of the old inns so much frequented by the roving gentry of the Colleges still survive, though some, like the "Clarendon," have changed their names. Mr. Chambers, in his edition of Vaughan, has an excellent note on this R.W. poem to the effect that "the Moon or Star" points to the name of a room in an inn rather than to the inn itself; and he quotes from "Henry IV." the familiar "Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon." But he might have gone farther, for to this day the large rooms on the first floor of the Clarendon Hotel at Oxford are known and are marked as "The Moon" and "The Star," even as they were three centuries ago. Vaughan's "calm whisperers," that is, creditors, with their servile importunities pressed at the best possible moment, the moment of relaxation and of induced good-nature, look singularly life-like, and much of a piece with the duns at Cambridge, who worried Randolph to good poetic purpose. "Tumults of the maze" is a sad misprint, quite meaningless, and never corrected: it may have done much to obscure the psychology of Vaughan's little epistle to his friend. But "tumults of the mace" are highly comprehensible in either the Chancellor's Court or the Mayor's, as are "arrests, suits, and the dreadful face of sergeants," the latter standing for the servants of the Court; or Sergeants of the Mace, familiarly called catchpoles, whose especial business it was to arrest for debt. By a statute of the University, far older than those of the Laudian reform, and still in force, misbehaving undergraduates outside College precincts were subject to the jurisdiction of the City authorities; but any suit in which a member of the University was a party (unless a case of mayhem, or a major crime, such as treason), could be taken out of the City Court, and tried before that of the University. In either case the defendant was bound to pay the expense of counsel and costs. How categorically the young Vaughan goes into these horrid potential menaces and mishaps, all due to hearing the chimes at midnight in a pleasant place with Master Shallow!

But there is something else in this little poem more striking than the transient reflection of Oxford in its Carolian wildness. It conjures up an exquisite picture in flat diaphanous colours like those of Pavis de Chavannes, of the farther side of the Great Ferry, where the claws of paternalism are sheathed, and a supernatural go-as-you-please reigns supreme. There the two friends will be so happy together that all men shall see in them the blessedness of a blessed state foretold by "the ancients."

Here we come directly upon the conceptions of Homer, Hesiod, Plato, Euripides, Pindar, and pretty much everybody, in regard to Elysium; very notably upon the latter part of the great Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, which Vaughan has specially in mind. He fastens eagerly upon one feature of the triune other-world upon which the primitive religions

(7) At Commemoration, St. Mary-the-Virgin's having been used for the Acts until the Sheldonian was built, temp. Charles II.

(8) The half-barrel cask. Often in old times written "kinderkin."

and classic paganism have laid more emphasis than Christianity has so far done: the renewal, that is, under immortal conditions, of the earth itself, "this too-much-loved earth," as Sidney winningly calls it. It is plain to any thoughtful reader how the theory took hold on English men of letters, in that day so especially open to all manner of idealism. It is in Randolph, in the very poem, "On the Death of a Nightingale," which Vaughan mentions. "Goe, solitary wood!" he cries; and he adjures it to go, in order that it may rise and spread again where the dead bird may resume her singing:—

That soule is fled, and to Elisium gone,
Thou, a poore desart, left: goe then, and run!
Beg there to want a grove; and if she please
To sing agen beneath thy shadowy trees,
The soules of happy lovers crown'd with blisses
Shall flocke about thee, and keep tyme with kisses.

Habington has a touch of it, in a poem to Castara (the first part, 1640), which describes the charms in "early Spring" of Hindlip's "private cell;" in this he calls forth, to adorn its green recesses, nymphs and satyrs, Daphne and Narcissus, the same sort of poetic beings who figure in Vaughan's imaginings. And Habington ends, comparing himself and his love with the happy myths of a bygone literature:—

See they whose wisdom did discusse
Of these as fictions, shall in us
Finde they were more than fabulous.

These lines Vaughan, already a "learned Plagiary," reproduces almost verbatim in his closing couplet. The clear and "chilly" star (the second adjective is Professor Saintsbury's) of William Habington had only just arisen upon the horizon, when the nineteen-year-old Silurist paid it the homage of imitation. He thus took in at once an influence destined to go far with him and to last long, the influence of the purest love-poet of that generation.

NATURE'S PRIEST

A WELL-REMEMBERED figure of the days of our childhood was an old postman. He was a countryman of the pre-Education Act period. His ideas were not moulded by school standards, but evolved from the man's inner consciousness. When he passed by the house on the other side we reviled him; on the rare occasions when he left a letter inscribed with our own name, and bearing the good Saxon designation "Master," we hailed him as a hero. The man had a rough-hewn philosophy of his own. "We can't look back into futurity," he used to say, and the phrase grew into a sort of household word.

There is a latent force about the paradox which makes it worth saving from oblivion. The dreams of boyhood are prophetic of the man; modern evolutionary theories are but a new statement of the ancient dogma of reincarnation. We are all Pythagoreans nowadays. Day by day we unconsciously reiterate the cunning of beings whose antiquity is so stupendous that the mind fails to grasp its significance. The savage is perennial in each generation of the "human boy." When the "six-years' darling of a pigmy size" lisps in appreciation of a nursery legend that it is "as bluggy as anything," the primitive instinct of the head-hunter is stirring within him. He has thrown back to the man-wolf, who skulked in reed and woodland, and sprang upon his prey exultant. To-day we bury a box of coins beneath a foundation-stone, but our ancestors buried a live man or child. He was doubtless looked upon as a namby-pamby sentimentalist who first

suggested putting an image in place of the living victim; nevertheless his argument prevailed. We are told that at Heliopolis until the reign of Amasis three men were daily sacrificed at the temple of the gods. Amasis substituted the burning of three candles on the altar. In St. Osyth's Priory, Essex, a candle was discovered built into the walls. To-day when we launch a ship we break a bottle of wine at the prow, and we are but following in the footsteps of our forefathers, who, instead of the neck of a bottle, broke the neck of a slave. Life and light were the sacred symbols, the unknown elements, the unfathomable mysteries of all pristine races; they are the same to us. We experiment, we build theories; of actual basic knowledge we have none.

Wordsworth wandered in that remote yet familiar land of conjecture when the inspiration of his wondrous ode fell upon him. It has been often asked if Wordsworth was veritably a Pythagorean. He was, even as we all are. Every child, the memory of our own childhood, what are they but guides in a twilight land? We see "as through a glass, darkly." The race of men resembles a sea, the waves of which tower high as mighty oceanic rollers, or sweep on as coast-nearing ground-swell, with crests unbroken. They are vehicles of force; they do not exhaust their initial energy in surf and foam, but travel, fulfilling their appointed function. They carry forward and pass on from crest to crest the impulsion of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, of the mysterious, incommunicable attraction of the sun and moon which we call tidal force. So it is in the storm-beaten sea of the human economy; each generation is a wave-crest, the symbol of a power that sweeps over sunken wrecks of human endeavour, over drowned lands of savage creed, over slow, upheaving coral reefs of thought and action. Human energy is plastic, not creative. Whatever its source and destiny, these are from without. "Man can half control his doom," sings Tennyson. The individual may mould his environment, and by so doing help to reshape the destiny of his race, but he will be for ever haunted with the ghost of those—himself or others—who have gone before. Who has not experienced the weird sensation of revisiting the glimpses of the moon, of seeing in manhood or womanhood some landscape which we last gazed on as a child? The flavour of an apple may recall the dim memory of a period of time years ago; the sound of a melody or of a peal of bells across the water often brings back to us a day not dead but sleeping. We were eight years old then; we had not learnt to see things as they are not. It is in such moods that the veracious message of the Ode is most real to us.

We no longer build up the quaint dogmas of the East and imagine the vagrant demon flitting uneasily from one animal habitat to another, in search of at-one-ment with the perennial calm, the *ultima Thule* of all being. The modern man talks of a destiny to be achieved by labour, exerted over protracted periods of effort. "Learn to labour and to wait" is his creed. Nature, effortless, moulds perfection, that toils not, neither does it spin. As materialism spreads its tentacles and seizes on human activities, so do the primal simplicities, in which all true strength is matured, wane, atrophy, and become a pale reflex of reality.

Conferences are held nowadays on Education. The principal aim of the expert appears to be to contrive somehow to get a quart of school lore into the pint-pot of the average scholar's capacity for learning. The result may be called "specialism" or a dozen other specious names; at any rate it is not education. The boy is taught to regard "sport" as a matter of primary importance. Yes, but what sport? The mere forcing of certain defined games on every boy and girl as part of the training and curriculum is to produce a crop of folk of whom it may be said, "I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them

well, they imitated humanity so abominably." If by "sport" be meant the keen instinct of knowledge of a countryside, in other words the savage intuition of the trapper and tracker, revived and trained to modern ends, no exception can be taken to it. It is for this reason that the Boy Scout movement is so entirely admirable. The English public school boy is mostly a *blasé* adept at cricket or football. As compulsory, the games have lost their meaning and real value. In his next stage he too often lounges, a cigarette-whiffing spectator of football and cricket matches. He shoots, fishes, or plays golf, rather because they are spectacular amusements than because they appeal to him with any vital interest. They are the thing to do; he follows in the ruck. Nothing matters, nothing goes beyond convention and the outward form of things.

The day is not far distant when young Englishmen of the moneyed class will, as a regular part of their upbringing, spend a year of training-time, under proper control and discipline, in some colony, amid wide spaces and primitive conditions. Then we shall once more have a revival of the arts and of literature. Materialism and conventionality are the deadly foes, simplicity and vision the nurses and guardian angels, of all that lifts a nation to the plane in which noble thoughts become clothed in their appropriate garb. Great ideals breed grand diction. As Sir Francis Palgrave has truly said: "Without attempting discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, we may observe that these poets carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence of human passion and character in every sphere, and love of Nature for herself."

For them these were rungs of the ladder of undying fame. Can it be truly said that the desire so to climb is the ideal held up to scholars in any considerable proportion of our public schools?

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

VI.—SPRING JOURNALISM

ONE of the reasons why our popular newspapers are so monotonous is that they take no real account of the seasons. They do not reflect the glad unrest of Spring, the lavish fulfilment of Summer. They always appear to have been written by disillusioned business-men, whose style smells of faded poppies, forgotten among the autumnal stubble. The writers of leading articles show no disposition to frolic in the Spring, and in this—if leading articles are indeed written by human beings—they do wrong to their natures. For the man who can arrange his words in sounding periods during these first delightful blue days is capable of worse crimes than split infinitives. This is the season of the year when the yew peacocks in our gardens thrust out green branches and look for a moment like trees; and in the same way the wise man will now permit his cultured phrases to burst their straight-waistcoats and look for a moment like words. It is true that we have laboured over them all the winter-time, and set them down one by one with pride in our pocket-books. But now, when Nature is out of breath with running and the marble-topped tables are sprouting like mushrooms on the pavements, they seem inadequate. Our wintry ingenuities will not suffice to express a tenth part of our spring-tide flood of emotions. Like a schoolboy leader in a paper-chase whose bag is stuffed with fragments of torn dictionaries, we wish to scatter our words by handfuls, imitating in our humble human way the careless profusion of Nature and Mr. Garvin.

Very few people realise how much easier it is for a writer to be wise than it is for him to be cheerful. To be wise in a journalistic sense all that is necessary is to stand a platitude on its head and appropriate the small change that drops out of its pockets. To be cheerful on paper is a harder matter, for it demands either an extraordinary ignorance or an extraordinary knowledge of life. It is especially difficult to express this insane cheerfulness of Spring, for this is a lofty joy if you will, but it owes its position to the fact that it has clambered on the shoulders of sorrow. Like a child with toothache at its first pantomime, it laughs the louder because it is ever on the verge of tears. If you remember the Autumn, these young green buds are the saddest things on earth, for they, too, mark only another degree of decay. And yet, in spite of the fact that our new youth is the briefest of illusions, these are days when everything in the world that is not utterly broken and defeated claims happiness as a right; and as for all but the very greatest happiness is a confession of ignorance, it is inhuman to expect journalists to be wise on this earth new painted with tender blues and greens. In a month or two, when the children have picked all the primroses and the motor-cars have covered the hedgerows with dust, it will be possible, perhaps, if the roses are merciful and the strawberry-crop fails, to write about the weighty problems that do not really matter with a becoming gravity. But what manner of man can think of Tariff Reform in a wood paved with anemones?

This is by way of being an apology, for I would certainly have written an erudite and unreadable article on the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent, if only the Spring had lingered a few more days on the way. I have discussed this important problem with a hundred persons; I have read a score of newspaper articles on the subject; I have the arguments and facts of both sides at my fingertips; but now that Spring is here I have an unreasonable desire to write about something else, if only the expression of pleased astonishment on the faces of babies under six months old who feel the warm sunshine for the first time. My notebook emphasises the change. A few days ago I was cynical enough to reflect that "to regret that the days of our thwarted and uncomfortable youth are over is the only consolation that old age affords." Yesterday, moved to sentiment by the generosity of the season, I noted that "if it be true that in our dying hour we live again all the pregnant moments of our life, that hour for me will be a lifetime long." Not only the mood, but, quite unconsciously, the style has altered. With the omission of one word the second reflection becomes three lines of intolerable blank verse. That is what the Spring does for journalists.

Nevertheless I might have succeeded in writing about the higher Flemish education if I had shut myself in a cellar instead of foolishly seeking out one of the most beautiful places near Brussels. At Boitsfort the forest begins, and there is a little lake there in whose waters you can see a drowned village with white walls and red roofs. I sat in the paved courtyard of a *café* at the water's-edge, and looked at the glorious duck-pond, and at the blues and purples of the forest beyond, and straightway forgot all about my stodgy article. My drowsy kingdom was shared by a thoughtful waiter, who was obviously under the influence of the sweet oppression of the afternoon, and fed the ducks with French bread to keep himself awake. Also there was a dog who brought an enormous piece of wood to my feet and asked me to throw it for him. The beam looked as if it weighed at least three pounds, and to have thrown it on to the cobbles would have been an act of sacrilege against the tranquillity of that peaceful place. But the dog had appealing eyes, so I tried to bribe him vainly with sugar. At last, after he had picked up the piece of wood and dropped it again three or four times to convey what he wanted to my

obtuse intelligence, he carried it away in disgust. I hope he only thought that I was stupid, and not that I was unfriendly; but, unlike cats, dogs are not reliable in their reading of human motives. I would have liked at the moment to have apostrophised him after the unsophisticated manner of the Flemish school of fiction. "Oh! dog," I would have said, "I should very much like to serve you by throwing that great piece of wood that you carry so cleverly across the courtyard, but I will not try to conceal my fears from your moist and eloquent eyes. I am afraid of the reproaches of the waiter, roused abruptly from his hour-long dreams. I am afraid of the echoes which would fill my ears with the mortal anguish of the murdered silence, but most I am afraid of a small baby who has just been hushed to sleep with some difficulty behind that open window. Being a *café* dog, it is perhaps natural that you should not care for sugar. I have heard that the employés at the great whisky distilleries always get drunk on beer. But if you care to stay here with me I will tell you all I know about the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent." Long before I had finished composing this address the dog was out of sight.

Before me on the table there lay some blank sheets of paper and an empty coffee-cup. I dipped my pen in the ink three times with enthusiasm, and then balanced it on the saucer. It occurred to me to speculate as to the sensations of a tree in the Spring. First, it seemed to me, it is woken from its winter sleep by a spirit of restlessness that by degrees takes the form of an intense irritation throughout the bark of the tree. I realised this stage so vividly that I know that old trees tell the young ones not to scratch. Afterwards the tree feels little threads of pain running through its channels, and these become more and more frequent, till the tree aches in every branch, and the image of each remotest twig is etched on the consciousness of the tree by suffering. Then, slowly at first, but afterwards quicker and quicker, each breaking bud brings relief, till long before the last bud has popped the whole tree is singing with pride of its great achievement. Some trees look upon their leaves as umbrellas, some as hats, and some as wearing apparel. It seemed to me that it would be a breach of manners to mention the Winter in the hearing of this last kind of tree.

But still the paper was blank and white; still my great article on the proposed Flamandisation of the University of Ghent remained unwritten.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

TRAVELLING PICTURES

By W. H. KOEBEL

MEDITATION, perhaps, has never found a more unsuitable home than the bustle of a railway terminus. Yet there was fruit for the mood awaiting me even at Waterloo, within a compartment, moreover, that a few minutes would see speeding on its way to the red soil of Devon.

The first conceiver of the picture galleries beneath the racks "for light luggage only" has missed fame. To the general public, I fear, his very name is unknown. Yet his image should stand upon a pedestal. I would not place him on one that rivalled Stevenson's in height, yet his shaft of honour should be sufficiently lofty. It is possible that this inventor of a new art had in his mind nothing beyond the towns and neighbourhoods the photographs of which now confront the traveller. If so he had not foreseen the revolution in the atmosphere of the railway carriage. Granted even this, there is no reason why the mere fact of restricted

intention should create a bar to celebrity; the discovery of steam itself was a side issue emanating from the desire for hot water.

The pictures are pretty things. They stand boldly out from the partition, illustrating the possibilities of a brighter world. It is true that the tenets of their conception are rigid, for the adamant regularity of their school permits no elasticity. It is apparently essential here that a coloured landscape should be topped by a blue sky. Not that the azure of these seaside heavens is necessarily unbroken. Upon the face of some float small white clouds. But the pleasant fleeces obscure nothing; their white flakiness adds lustre to the blue, that is all.

It is the introduction of this texture of the orthodox consistency of an angel's wing that yields the keynote to the policy of these travelling rows of pictures. They would seem to have made a compact amongst themselves that each should show a brave face to the world. No greyness, save in rock or stone; not an inch of gloom in a dozen towns, hills, rivers, and seas—the pleasant scenes depict the cream of landscape and weather, skimmed from many a county to hang side by side within a single railway compartment.

There is little use in mincing matters. These pictures are optimists. Far be it from me to cast an undeserved slur upon their veracity, since how could I then continue to face the undisturbed serenity of their gaze! They represent the land of the tourist as the tourist likes to see it, and as it does, indeed, from time to time present itself to the city dweller on his wanderings. Parades and beaches thronged with people, Italian-hued house fronts, rich yellow sands, white-edged waves, and gleaming sails will stare out from their frame rather to the detriment of a neighbouring scene of romance and comparative solitude in which predominate soft greens and broad bands of shade—a spot in which it is admitted that man alone is vile, since no more than a single human figure is permitted in the foreground.

There is perhaps a want of subtlety in the ubiquitous smile of land and sea. It is even to be feared that its determined cheeriness exists at the expense of the finer shades and beauties. But the effect need not lie heavily upon the artist's conscience, supposing him to be possessed of so uncomfortable an asset. His case is only parallel with that of his brother photographer who deals in human faces. The rare photographic countenance that is depicted without an upward curling of the lips is the property of a strong-minded and obstinate person!

These landscapes strive in similar fashion after a truly popular expression. But they are more than mere triumphs in tinted photography. They are powerful agents, workers of great results. Enter a train from the most squalid of platforms, and you will have stepped into another world as soon as the threshold is passed! You may traverse the heart of a sordid town; you may glide past squalor, mean streets, and, in fact, through a whole series of gloomy panorama. All this does not matter. There hangs the picture, directly opposite, the bright promise of what lies at the end of the journey. What pegs upon which to hang parables, and homilies on the vicissitudes of human life! Nevertheless, such parallels must be toyed with gently; if carried too far, they are certain to end in the discomfiture of their maker. For the promise may, or may not, be kept. It depends on the weather. It may be necessary, too, for the traveller to descend long before these fair havens are reached, in which case it may occur that the promise rolls onwards to waste its sweetness on an empty compartment—a situation from which it is difficult to extract a moral.

So much from the passengers' point of view. But there is another, quite as important—that of the train itself. The pictures have warmed many an old carriage to fresh life. They are, in fact, the romance of the compartment, repre-

senting to it that which does many a flower to a man—and the metaphor gains with their fading. They are the reminiscences of the train, memories that have lent it a tongue. It is possible that the tales it tells are a trifle coloured, like those concerning all good things. In crowded cities its eloquence reaches a climax. Once amidst the pictured areas themselves it becomes mute, and forgotten. Then, neither the memories nor the pictures matter.

FRANCE FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW*

IN spite of his second Christian name, Mr. Jean Charlemagne Bracq is a fervid Republican, whereas the Marquis (Antoine) de Castellane can only be described as a Royalist bereft of his illusions. It follows that we here have two books of very different character. M. de Castellane's volume, moreover, is chiefly one of personal reminiscences, often set down, apparently, soon after the incidents or contests in which he was concerned. Mr. Bracq, for his part, has indited his book (which, as it is a Republican work, we are surprised to see bound in Royal blue, decorated with the *fleurs-de-lys* of the old Monarchy) in the serene atmosphere of Vassar College, U.S.A., where he officiates as Professor of Romance Languages. One hundred and twelve years have now elapsed since Thomas Campbell wrote, in "The Pleasures of Hope," " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" but the saying is as true to-day as it was then, and to Mr. Bracq, gazing across the wide Atlantic, the Third French Republic appears to be robed in the most azure and most roseate of hues. He does not detect a single shadow, a single dark patch, a speck even; he holds, as Dr. Pangloss would have held, that everything is for the very best in the very best of Republics, and that there never was so beautiful and so wonderful a *régime* as that with which France has been blessed since September, 1870.

In proof thereof Mr. Bracq bombards us with long lists of its achievements, statistics galore, and strings of famous names, the names of men whose work, we are given to understand, is inseparable from the Republic. Unfortunately Mr. Bracq greatly overstates his case, as may be shown by just a few examples out of the many which might be quoted. For instance, we take a list of painters and find in it such names as Meissonier, Baudry, Rosa Bonheur, Jules Breton and Protais, whom Mr. Bracq numbers among the great artists of the Republic, whereas they were merely survivals of the Second Empire. "What," exclaims Mr. Bracq enthusiastically, "can the Napoleonic *régime* oppose to the engravings of Léopold Flameng?" Well, as a matter of fact, Flameng, born in 1831 at Brussels, acquired his art and executed a good deal of his best work under the *régime* in question. Again, Carpeaux, who died in 1875, should not be included in a list of the representative sculptors of the Third Republic. Even his famous group of "La Danse" for the Paris Opera-house was actually modelled before the collapse of the Second Empire.

If we next turn to musicians, we find Mr. Bracq including Gounod in one of his lists—Gounod whose "Faust" was originally produced as far back as 1859, whilst his "Roméo et Juliette" dates from 1867! Again, Pasteur—the frequent guest of Napoleon III. at the Tuileries and Compiègne—did most of his scientific work under the Empire, though the "hydrophobia cure" belongs, of course, to the present Republic. Mr. Bracq also makes mistakes in dealing with

literary men, many of those whom he mentions being purely and simply survivals of Imperial times, whilst others had at least started on their careers and made considerable progress in them before the war of 1870. The fact is, and historians will ultimately recognise it, that the much-abused Second Empire bequeathed to the Third Republic a great crop of young but already ripening talent, by which the latter *régime* has since profited.

At the same time we are well aware that France has progressed in many ways since the Republic was established, and the information which Mr. Bracq supplies on such matters as education and social reform is important and interesting. Everything must not be judged by statistics, however; and on glancing at those which apply to the colonial expansion of France we are reminded of all the literature which appeared in Paris last autumn on the subject of the unsatisfactory situation prevailing in many French colonies and protectorates, notably those of Indo-China.

The latter part of Mr. Bracq's book is devoted to an examination of religious questions, the separation of Church and State, the teaching of religion and morality in French schools, and the present position of French Protestantism, to which, by the way, Mr. Bracq belongs. It seems to us that he writes very fairly and sanely on all these matters; and we are sorry that, in other parts of his book, he has occasionally compromised a very good case by foolish exaggeration.

The translation of M. de Castellane's reminiscences is by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who has done his work so well that this English version is as racy and as pleasant to read as the original. We remember M. de Castellane (whom we often met when he was Secretary to the National Assembly of 1871-76) as a gentleman of strong prejudices and a somewhat sarcastic bent, both of which characteristics are apparent in this book of his. It is written also with extreme frankness, and among the information it contains—information invariably conveyed in the lightest and airiest of manners—one often finds some statement of first-class importance in respect to contemporary French history. The many celebrities appearing in M. de Castellane's pages include Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, the Empress Augusta, the Count de Chambord, the Duc d'Aumale, Talleyrand, Montalembert, Falloux, Abbé Liszt, Bishop Dupanloup, General Changarnier, Marshal MacMahon, General Trochu, General Chanzy, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Thiers; and respecting these and others (notably quite a number of great ladies and several notoriety of the *demi-monde*) our author supplies many out-of-the-way and, now and again, highly amusing particulars. He is sometimes unjust (occasionally very unjust indeed), sometimes indiscreet, and sometimes also mistaken, but the Talleyrand strain in his nature prevents him from ever being dull.

The extracts from the Marquis's note-books during the latter part of the Franco-German War give a good idea of a soldier's feelings at that grim period. Although he was a Royalist and a Catholic, he rightly admired the patriotic energy of Gambetta. Later, however, he was one of those who hoped to overthrow the Republic so dear to Mr. Jean Charlemagne Bracq, and to restore the Count de Chambord to his ancestral throne by the style and title of Henry V., King of France and Navarre. The story of that famous intrigue is told by M. de Castellane with mingled vivacity and regretfulness. We doubt if it could have succeeded at any time without provoking civil war. The Republic prevailed because, as Thiers rightly said, it was the form of government which divided Frenchmen the least. But whatever chances the Count de Chambord may at one moment have possessed, were destroyed by the obstinacy with which he refused to give any "constitutional guarantees

* *France under the Republic*. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq. Litt.D. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

Men and Things of My Time. By the Marquis de Castellane. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.)

prior to restoration," and his determination to impose the white flag of his house on the French army and people. "If there is any attempt to impose that flag on our soldiers, the chassepots," said Marshal MacMahon, "will go off of their own accord." No such attempt took place, as, on finding their Prince so intractable, the bulk of the French Royalists made no further efforts in his favour. M. de Castellane's book ends in a very pessimistic strain, which, in its way, is as exaggerated as the extreme optimism of Mr. Bracq. Both volumes have serviceable indexes, and the Marquis de Castellane's work is illustrated with a number of capital portraits.

THE MAGAZINES

ONE would scarcely expect a display of humour, conscious or unconscious, in so sober a quarterly as the *Hibbert Journal*. It is only further evidence of the fact that the world so brims with humour that it will out, unconsciously if not consciously. The opening article is a most interesting fragment of the late Count Tolstoy's writings, and is entitled "Philosophy and Religion." It is but short, yet in its space it touches with a firm hand on the prime fault of most modern thinking—the refusal to give the proper place and importance to certain unprovable instincts of the soul, in the light of which instincts all subsequent facts have their value. The things which these instincts attest can never be induced, and all mere phenomena have a detached and unrelated existence, being therefore worthless for thinking, without the lustre shed by them. Or, to put it in Tolstoy's own words: "Each man within himself is conscious of a knowledge quite distinct from reasoned knowledge, and independent of the endless chain of cause and effect. This knowledge is his knowledge of his spiritual Ego;" implying, as he puts it elsewhere in his article, a conviction of "something indefinable, and that is our soul and God." The article is, in fact, a characteristic and important appeal against the prostration of the intellect of man before the limitations of a *posteriori* thinking. It is a vital appeal for faith, faith being interpreted not as an intellectual acceptance of theological dogma, but a trustful acceptance of certain primary instincts. Its closing passage is: "So that the learned philosopher confined within the endless chain of cause and effect, who does not acknowledge a religious basis, is inevitably forced to seek for an imaginary and impossible cause of all causes, and has faith in it; and consequently, in contrast to the scientific philosopher, possesses a firm understanding of life and a sound guidance for his actions."

Having concluded thus, we turn the page and greet the following title: "Can Theology become Scientific?" by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. The vigour of opposition can only be healthy, and it is the fault of most journals that they do not seek its vitalising atmosphere. Yet, with every faith in opposition, this juxtaposition is certainly unhappy. Mr. Muir's article is, in direct contradistinction to Tolstoy's, an appeal to carry the *a posteriori* process of thought into the religious field. A qualification of this remark is owing to Mr. Muir, and that is, that the induction would proceed from certain religious phenomena—in other words, that it would accept as data certain facts that can only have a spiritual significance, and which the scientist, strictly so-called, would not accept. Nevertheless, he does not make this quite clear. Professor Gardner has an important article on "The Subconscious and the Superconscious"—more important than at first it appears to be, because he does bring out into the necessary relief just those passages

he would desire to emphasise. Its purport is to divide the realm of consciousness into the subconscious, the conscious, and the superconscious, to which he would adapt Matthew Arnold's division of the Barbaric, the Hellenic, and the Hebraic. The value of the article is rather in the stubborn canvassing of one's thought it causes than in its permanent contribution to the body of thought. And there is always the suspicion that the analysis is, after all, only academic, for it fails to account for the irrefragable fact that a "sunset-touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides," to say nothing of a bird's song, a child's face, or Gothic architecture, inevitably raise thoughts of divinity and eternity. Professor Smith gives an instance into what a ponderous and extraordinary labyrinth so simple a subject as Judas Iscariot can be twisted. There is a very excellent article on "Water-finding and Faith-healing," by Dr. Hovenden.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Morgan deals, with a rarely estimable judicial poise on so polemical a subject, with "The Constitutional Revolution." While his sympathies are quite against an Upper Chamber composed on its present hereditary basis, he nevertheless makes it clear that the claim of privilege as put up by officialdom in (and out of) the House of Commons has, in his opinion, as little to commend it as any other form of privilege. The argument that privilege, entrenched in its strong position, may thereupon turn and defy public opinion and public desire is one that certainly does not exclude a Front Bench in the House of Commons. Mr. Harold F. Wyatt has an injudicious article entitled "God's Test by War." It is true that in the present glorification of peace many mental and moral attributes are apt to be forgotten that are bred, if not by war, at least by a warlike spirit, and that much of present solicitation for peace at the knees of foreign Powers is most unmoral and pusillanimous whinneying; but that is not all. And a man who makes use of the Deity's Name at the head of his article awakens suspicion by that very fact. To talk of "that which God has given for the trial of peoples—the test of war," is not only to beg the question, it is to deny the inception of Christianity.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, in "Some Notes on Chateaubriand," and Professor Tyrrell, in the first of a series of articles on "Our Debt to Latin Poetry as distinguished from Greek," deal competently and completely with subjects of literary interest, while Bishop Welldon writes about "The Making of the Authorised Version." Quite the most admirable article in *Blackwood's* is "Damascus," by Gertrude Lowthian Bell: it recalls the Biblical cadence in its style with charming lack of affectation, and is graphic and beautiful in its total effect. In the same Magazine Mr. Noyes continues his "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," which grow more diffuse in matter and manner with each instalment, despite their vigour. In the *Cornhill* Mr. A. C. Benson writes on Frederic Myers. It is not critical, but biographical and personal. Other articles worthy of note are "Telling the Bees," by Sir Laurence Gomme, and "The Meaning of Death," by Julian S. Huxley. This latter, despite its too technical treatment and arid style, does indeed come near to the mystery of death at times.

The *Fortnightly Review* is headed by a series of poems by Thomas Hardy, entitled "Satires of Circumstance." They are characteristic enough, and their title is indicative of their contents. He picks out a dozen episodes and turns them into verses of a couple of stanzas apiece. They are bitter and shrewdly cynical. Mr. Hardy is not to be envied the world he lives in; it bears little resemblance to the world we know, despite its sorrows and tears. In the same Review we miss this month the usual contribution by Mr. Garvin, and find one on "National Conservatism" instead, signed "Emanon." Mr Laurence Irving deals with "The Plight

of the Serious Drama," not very deeply nor determinedly; and Dr. Rappoport with "The Russian Duma and the Emancipation of the Jews." It is a pity to see such a Review so weak in articles of literary criticism and of permanent interest.

The *English Review* perhaps hardly touches its highest level, as far as the articles are concerned, this month. As to poetry, Stephen Phillips appears with a sonnet on Shakespeare, and Richard Middleton has a poem, entitled "Queen Melanie and the Wood-boy," which treats a very pretty theme in a dainty and very pleasing manner. Probably the article of most interest is that by Mr. Scott-James, entitled "Chance and the Change"—though precisely what purpose, other than alliterative, the word "chance" serves it is difficult to say. It deals with the change that is passing over the history of the English novel, and its indication to life, but it misses some of the strangest elements in it. He also makes a bad *faux pas* in speaking of the Rev. Mr. Philip Gosse. An article of quite excellent interest is that by W. H. George on "Some Dramatic Criteria." But that which lives most strangely in the memory is one we should scarcely have expected to find here. It is entitled "The Stomach Pump," and signed, appropriately enough, E. U. Pepsia. It had better be read to be profited by.

Unpretentious though *The Open Window* may be in point of size, through it we can behold many a pleasant prospect. We are beginning to look for the appearance of this little monthly with great pleasure, for nothing poor in literary value ever disgraces its columns, and occasionally we find a memorable poem, article, or story. We note that Volume I. is just ready, and its list of contributors ensures it a welcome.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE NEW TREATY WITH JAPAN

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

IN the comments of the daily press the real significance to be attached to the new commercial Treaty just concluded between Great Britain and Japan appears to have been entirely overlooked. It has been generally represented that the relief in the statutory tariff conceded in our favour is the outcome solely of friendly sentiment arising from the Alliance. Doubtless there is some truth in this assertion; but we must seek elsewhere to find the true motive that has induced the Tokyo Government to pursue so obliging a policy. As a matter of fact, ever since the Manchurian campaign Japan's finances have bordered on the precarious, and, in view of the possibility that further foreign loans may shortly become necessary in order to replenish the national exchequer, it has been deemed advisable to retain British goodwill even at the expense of concessions in the Customs Tariff. For the time being our merchants gain as a consequence of the favourable terms of the new treaty; in the end, however, it will be found that indirectly they are paying dearly for any reduction in duties. To all intents and purposes Japan has purchased an option on the continuation of British goodwill. Therefore it is to be assumed that the British money market will once more be available for Japanese loans. The retort may perhaps be made, "And what of that? British capital will be employed under safe guarantees and at a fair rate of interest." But the all-important point would appear to be overlooked to the effect that every penny lent to Japan at the present moment is utilised in setting up industries which compete with British

enterprise. The stake at issue is enormous. It consists in nothing less than commercial predominance in China, a market containing four hundred millions of people whose needs are daily expanding as a result of the wonderful transition which is taking place from end to end of the vast Empire. Already our trade in the Far East is sufficiently handicapped by conditions over which we cannot possibly exercise any control—as, for example, Japan's geographical proximity to China and the cheapness of her labour. The potential danger arising from our complaisant attitude is not limited to matters of commerce. In extricating Japan out of her financial difficulties we are enabling her to increase her Army and Navy and to advance a policy of Imperial expansion aimed at making her mistress of the Pacific.

Leaving political problems altogether out of the question, it should not be forgotten that it is due in a large measure to British financial support that Japan has become a serious rival in the markets of the Far East. The war with Russia cost her nearly two hundred millions sterling. Of the loan proceeds the major proportion was supplied by Great Britain. But the burden of expenditure in connection with the campaign did not fall upon Japan so heavily as might be supposed. To begin with, nearly all the money raised was spent in the country itself, and its circulation naturally gave a stimulus to the manufacturing industry, and led to the formation of many new enterprises. Then twenty millions sterling was appropriated from the war funds for the purpose of making additions to the Navy, and as these additions were inevitable, it follows that the taxpayers were relieved considerably. Furthermore, Japan's ambitious *post-bellum* expansion has been largely financed with British money. For example, loans contracted by the Industrial Bank have been re-lent to Korea. Again, the South Manchurian Railway Company has succeeded in floating, on very favourable terms, several large debenture issues in London. This semi-official corporation practically monopolises enterprise throughout the region in which it operates, and its scope is so comprehensive that even the establishment of schools and the management of hotels are included. Finally, British money has been secured by Japanese municipalities and railways. In all these circumstances, therefore, it is plain, as I have already suggested, that the fact of Japan having become a strong commercial Power is wholly and solely due to the ease with which she can negotiate loans in the British market.

Unfortunately a Government cannot effectually regulate avenues of investment. Were it possible to do so a valuable lever would be placed in the hands of the wealthier nations, not only for political purposes pure and simple, but also for retarding the progress of commercial competitors. In the absence of any such control from official quarters popular sentiment rules. This circumstance Japan has taken fully into account. She realises that the goodwill of the British people is essential to the maintenance of her foreign credit, and consequently she does not hesitate to pay the price required in the form of tariff concessions in a commercial treaty. Thereupon the daily press endeavours to persuade its readers that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has produced very beneficial results, and the merchants who export goods to Japan are overjoyed. But the first chapter only is written; the plot has not yet developed. Soon Japan will contrive to borrow more money at low rates in the English market. Promptly utilising this money to develop productive enterprises, she will end in becoming independent of foreign financial assistance. The merchants who are now so delighted with the tariff concessions will find that the volume of exports to which the tariff applies has decreased almost to the point of vanishing. In any case, with British capital at her back, Japan will attain to a

position of sufficient strength to enable her, should she so desire, to raise her duties again.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that we wring tariff concessions out of Japan and at the same time induce our financiers to give her the cold shoulder. Yet no opportunity ought to be lost in emphasising the fact that whatever measures we may take to preserve our trade with Japan, it is inevitably destined to dwindle as Japanese manufactures develop; and so, in the main, surely our efforts should be directed towards extending commerce with China where the opportunities are illimitable. Obviously it cannot be to our ultimate advantage to continue financing Japan, who, although our ally, is none the less a keen rival. Now is the moment to cry halt. Her exchequer is empty. It can only be replenished with British money.

It is open to question whether on any conditions Japan could raise a loan in America, Germany, or France; without British support it is absolutely certain that the financial doors of these countries would be bolted and barred against her. The Tokyo Government anticipates that the raising of the tariff will result in a substantial growth of the revenue; but it is hardly likely that enough will be derived from this source to render the exchequer independent of foreign assistance. Already the drain of specie in the form of interest and redemption in connection with the National Debt is enormous, and it has been found necessary to continue the special taxes imposed during the period of the war.

As soon as the Peace Treaty was signed at Portsmouth the world began to realise that Japan was encountering grave financial difficulties. *Post-bellum* programmes were twice readjusted because of the lack of funds, and the crisis that ensued caused the Saionji Ministry to resign. When Marquis Katsura assumed office he boldly announced as his settled policy that in no circumstances would new State obligations be contracted, and the national credit was immediately strengthened. Recently, however, it has been found necessary to elaborate a programme for widening the gauge of the railways and for developing the system generally. According to Baron Goto, President of the Railway Board, an expenditure amounting altogether to £130,000,000 will be incurred, and it is not denied that eventually recourse to loans must become necessary. Initial outlays will be defrayed out of what is known as the Deposit Bureau—a department that controls certain public funds largely consisting of postal savings invested in Government bonds. In other words, the State having already “annexed” the postal savings of the masses, and invested them in loans to itself, is now about to appropriate the resultant revenue, and in turn lend this to its own railways. Foreign sources will doubtless be asked to supply the rest. When the time comes that a loan for the Japanese railways is in process of negotiation in London, it would be well to reflect that it is our rivals whom we are supplying with funds, and that these funds are destined to be employed in increasing their capacity for competing with ourselves.

THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY

THE exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours at 5A, Pall Mall East are always interesting, and that which has just opened has the very great advantage of being somewhat less crowded than has latterly been the case, though there are still a far greater number of pictures than can be seen properly in one gallery. In view of the new rule to impose a fine on members who fail to contribute, it would seem that a restriction of the number of pictures acceptable from each of the more prolific ones will become

necessary if this desirable limitation of quantity is to be continued in the future. Some of the more interesting members of the Society have sent nothing to the present exhibition. Mr. Clausen's work can hardly be spared, and Mr. Lionel Smythe and Mr. Bayes are also unrepresented, while Mr. D. Y. Cameron contributes only one picture—“The Shining Spey.” This, however, is a finely characteristic example of his art.

If there is little of surpassing excellence, there are few pictures in this exhibition which have not some sterling quality. It is all good, sincere work, and from the technical point of view it is as excellent as it is varied, ranging from Mr. Sargent's strong, clever studies of sunlight and shadow—“Sketching” and “The Garden Wall”—to Mrs. Allingham's Surrey Cottages. In water-colour exhibitions the largest and most ambitious pictures are comparatively seldom among the most successful. Here, however, is a notable exception in Mrs. Laura Knight's fine—if somewhat over-green—study of “Wind and Sun.” Mr. Cadogan Cowper's “Eve,” too, is a fine piece of colour, though not altogether successful in other respects. Among some of the most interesting work is that of Mr. Arthur Rackham, though we have had finer things from him; and there are also some examples of Walter Crane's art, several of which—the “Wind-swept Trees” and “Side von Said” particularly—are full of charm.

Here, once more, the question is raised as to how far water-colour is a suitable medium for the painting of such religious subjects as Mr. Robert Anning Bell's “Mary Magdalene and the other Mary” and Mr. J. C. Dollman's “Thirty Pieces of Silver,” both full of dignity, and the latter especially an example of fine *technique*. One cannot but feel that perfect water-colour is too light, too swift, and too dependent on the inspiration and work of the moment to be the best interpreter of such subjects, or indeed of any which emphasise the literary quality, even though Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale's charming picture, “The First Sermon of Saint Catherine of Siena,” would seem to disprove the statement.

The President, Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. Henry Tuke, and Mr. R. Thorne-Waite—to mention a few among many well-known names—are adequately represented.

ART NEEDLEWORK

The Lent Exhibition of Church and other Embroideries at the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, has been rendered specially notable this year by the inclusion of a historic gift, consisting of chasuble, dalmatics, maniples, and stoles presented to Pope Clement XIII., the Venetian Cardinal Rezzonico—whose palace, it may be recalled, was for a time the home of Robert Browning—by the Venetian Republic in 1750. The vestments, which are almost entirely covered with richly-wrought shaded silk embroidery, edged with gold thread, are thus of great interest historically and technically, though they do not, of course, represent the best period of ecclesiastical needlework. There are also examples of Stuart embroidery, including some of the curious embossed pictures and box-lids, in which the stuffed figures stand out in relief against their backgrounds. The exhibition also includes some Queen Anne tapestries and beautiful old laces, in addition to work of the present students of the school, consisting largely of copies of old pieces, among which we regret to see that the needlework-pictures beloved of our great-grandmothers are receiving a good deal of attention.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE past account was remarkable. It was a nineteen-day account, which no one likes as a rule, and it came in front of a four days' holiday. Cautious people do not like to go away and leave large accounts open for four days. Therefore we ought to have seen some liquidation. But the selling was hardly noticeable. We are all floating upon clouds of romance; we have renounced realism; we forget that the more we buy the more certain are prices to fall; we do not believe that prices ever can fall again. We are, however, much more cautious with regard to new issues: these we scan with considerable acuteness. One black ball excludes in our City circle. Singapore United and Tali Ayer both went as well as they deserved. They were sound investments for those lucky enough to get an allotment. But the Lowlands Company was not to my taste. It can never hope to be successful. The Port of London issue was a partial failure. Speyer's Brazil Railway Loan was cheap and good. Mackenzie and Mann's income charge convertible bond issue was not attractive; indeed, it was distinctly speculative. The Coates Western of Canada issue should have given us a certificate of profits. The Fortuna and the Troesan were rubber companies to be carefully avoided. There are plenty of companies being prepared for the public after Easter: the Zongo Bolivian Rubber, an oil company promoted by the General Oil and Finance to exploit oil-lands in the Crimea, a Java company, and Canadian lumber companies by the dozen.

When will promoters learn how to promote? Nine out of every ten do their work in a most haphazard style. They spend half their money in papers that cannot influence the investor and they utterly ignore the high-class weeklies. I saw the applications obtained by a promotion syndicate that went upon the old-fashioned lines. They were interesting. Ten per cent. of the newspaper application forms came from the *Sketch*, another 10 per cent. from the *Pall Mall* and *Westminster*, about 15 per cent. from the *Daily Telegraph*, practically none from the other dailies. The issue was subscribed twice over. I can only say that the money spent upon high-class weeklies gave a splendid return. What the promoter wants is to get his underwriters out. Publicity is but a secondary matter. All City people read the financial dailies, which, of course, in the case I am discussing, showed up splendidly. Most City people also read high-class financial weeklies. The company whose application forms I saw was advertised and promoted on the old lines and was a success. The companies that come out with a rush and open and close the same day are nine out of ten failures. They are badly promoted, badly advertised, and badly engineered. The most successful promoters I have ever known were Henry O'Hagan and W. Mendel. They seldom made a failure. They chose their companies with care, and they advertised with courage and discretion. Hooley was successful in getting in money through his advertisements. He failed in his financial judgment. The modern promoter is too indolent. He doesn't take the trouble to think for himself. He fails, and he deserves to fail, for he doesn't know his business. I am compelled to make these remarks because during the past fortnight we have seen dozens of companies brought out, none of which has "gone," and not one of which has spent less than £1,000 to £1,500 upon its publicity. The promoter does not know why he failed. But to those behind the scenes the reason is self-evident. He went for quantity of copies not quality of readers.

MONEY does not look as though it would come down without a struggle. The banks as money-lenders naturally want as much as they can get, and as they have many means of manipulating the Money Market they are very powerful. But their power is not eternal, for competition is severe, and

no bank likes to see its coffers full of gold that is eating its head off. We should see a 2½ per cent. early in May.

FOREIGNERS are very dull indeed. The only gamble is Peru, which have been bought and sold in large quantities. The Peruvian Corporation is doing well, but the gamblers do not trouble about facts. They have been told to buy Peru prefs. and they buy them. The bull account is now a dangerous size.

HOME RAILS have done remarkable things during the present account. The whole of England has, at last, been roused to the fact that our English railways must benefit by the huge increase in trade. Buyers have come in upon each rise, and it looks as though we should see the leading Heavies back at the old prices. London and North-Western once stood at 209, Great Westerns 187, North-Eastern 185. Perhaps these prices were too high. They did not show 3 per cent. return. It will, however, take some time before we find Home Rails on a 3 per cent. basis. They are now upon the 4 per cent. level. I still think Great Easterns and the Junior Great Centrals the best gambles, and Great Western the best investment. The rise has been enormous, and those who got in when I first proposed a purchase must have done very well. The bull account at the settlement was big, and the dealers made people pay 10 per cent. when they could get it. Cautious people would naturally take their profits when they found so many bulls about. Yet, in spite of the carry-over and its warning, I saw no large profit-taking. It is apparently a very strong market. Nevertheless, were I a bull I should get out on the off-chance of being able to get in again lower down. We may be sure that the dealers and money-lenders will organise a shake-out sooner or later.

YANKEES are flat and silly. Once again the Supreme Court has postponed its decision, and once again the prominent bankers have declared that all will be well. Yet I am doubtful, for I hear tales of big people desiring to put down prices. I do not pretend to understand why. The tactics of the New York banker are beyond me. I only repeat what I hear. Explanations are always wrong in a manipulated market like Yankees. There is much talk of a combine between the First National, City National, and Bank of Commerce. The latter has a valuable charter, and the three combined almost control the whole financial district. But if the Supreme Court holds that the Standard Oil Trust is illegal, what will it say to the Bankers' Trust?

RUBBER needs little comment. It is very dull, and no jobbers are doing any business. Brazil has agreed upon her scheme for upholding the price, and many of the plantation companies now refuse to sell under 6s. But will Brazil be able to hold up enough rubber? The position is peculiar. In the meantime no one buys Plantation shares, which are somewhat too high to tempt the gambler. If they fall a little lower, they may be worth touching.

OIL.—The rise in Spies and Shells seems to have died out. The French bought Spies and the Dutch bought Shells. London leaves oil shares alone. In this we are wise, for I see no chance of much rise yet. But I like Lobitos, and I should not sell Spies yet. There will be a boom in Maikop Companies after Easter, and Black Sea Oilfields are the best.

KAFFIRS.—I am sick of this Kaffir market, with its magnates all squabbling and jobbers all short. Paris also seems "fed up" with gold shares. This slang just expresses the situation. Indeed we are all "fed up" with Kaffirs, and it will take something startling to rid us of our dyspepsia.

RHODESIANS.—The two Markets move together and are like the Siamese Twins. There is no reason for this, but I state a fact. The little spurt has died away. The magnates seem too lethargic to take quotations in hand, and the public is afraid that if it buys the shops will unload, wherein the public shows great good sense.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Baker Mason people have once again hoisted Cements, and we stand on one side and watch the game played. We admire the manipulation, but don't know enough to take a hand. Thereby we probably save

our money. Cements, Lenas, and Peras have all been good gambles the past week, but merely gambles.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

THE GREAT ORIENTAL GOLD MINES

The sensational gold discoveries in the early days of Australian mining are likely to be repeated. The official reports of the Great Oriental Gold Mines (which has already produced a million and a quarter sterling) state that the manager has made a rich discovery in the lower level which is likely to produce an even larger value than previously. At about par the 5s. shares are attracting the attention of a usually well-informed section of mining investors, by whom considerable market activity is expected, and a substantial rise in the price of the shares anticipated.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NEW METHODS IN TEACHING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Education, stated at Lancaster on Saturday, April 8th, that "a child was not merely a thing equipped with brains, but a complete being, every part of which should be educated." What then? Is it to be understood that Mr. Runciman wishes to teach us that we are all mind, and that every nerve, muscle, cell, and atom of our physical frame is mind in process of development? Some educationists, I am aware, are propagating the idea that in another few generations a human being will become so fully developed and educated that he will be able to think as intelligently in every part of his body as he does now in the main centre, the head. It is likewise known that the blind grow brain cells in the tips of the fingers, and through these new centres of sensation are able to distinguish colours. Those individuals, then, who lose the sight of their eyes will suffer little inconvenience thereby, for when they have learnt to see through whatever part of their body they please the loss of this organ will not affect them overmuch. And if we can educate and develop one part of our body to such an extent as this, why not another? The work of the teacher in the future will then be to work on every atom of the human body as an individualised form of the Universal Mind in one degree or another of development or evolution, and to assist those thoughtful and intelligent brain cells to reach the growth and development of the higher centres of the human brain. And what a wonderful man the man of the future will be when he is so developed in every part of his body as to be able to think as consciously and as easily in every atom of his physical organisation as he does now in the head-brain!—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

Lynton, Brockley Rise, S.E.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- Victoria Victoria.* By W. E. Norris. Constable and Co. 6s.
Haunted. By Gertrude Warden. Frontispiece. Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.
The Valley of Regret. By Adelaide Holt. John Lane. 6s.

- The Magic of the Hill: a Romance of Montmartre.* By Duncan Schwann. Frontispiece. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.
The Great Betrayal. By Harold Wintle. John Ouseley. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Nights with an Old Lag.* Recorded by W. J. Wintle. John Ouseley. 5s. net.
Through the Wildernesses of Brazil, by Horse, Canoe, and Float. By William Azel Cook. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
The Coronation Durbar, and After. By "Scotus Indigena." Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.
Shepherds of Britain: Scenes from Shepherd Life, Past and Present, from the Best Authorities. By Adelaide L. J. Gosset. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Lay Morals and Other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
Sinai in Spring; or, The Best Desert in the World. By M. J. Rendall. Illustrated. J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.
Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes. By Lina Eckenstein. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
My Balkan Tour: an Account of Some Journeyings in the Near East, together with a Descriptive and Historical Account of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Kingdom of Montenegro. By Roy Trevor. Illustrated. John Lane. 21s. net.
The Fountain, a Comedy in Three Acts. By George Calderon. Gowans and Gray. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Religion and Immortality.* By G. Lowes Dickinson. J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Secret Societies and the French Revolution, together with some Kindred Studies.* By Una Birch. John Lane. 5s. net.
The Tragedy of St. Helena. By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. Portrait Frontispiece. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
The Letters and Journal (1848-49) of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg, General in the Hungarian Army. Edited, with an Introduction, by Henry Marczali, Ph.D. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Scottish Poetry: Drummond of Hawthornden to Fergusson. Lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow by Sir George Douglas, Bart. James Maclehose and Sons. 5s. net.
History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India till the Year A.D. 1612. Translated from the Original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Ferishta by John Briggs, M.R.A.S. Four vols. Kegan Paul and Co. £1 10s. net per set.
History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorised English Translation. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. Illustrated. Kegan Paul and Co. 15s. net.

PERIODICALS

- Harper's Magazine; Scottish Historical Review; The Author; The Papyrus; The Conservator; The Open Window; The Bodleian; Top-Notch; Literary Digest; Publishers' Circular.*

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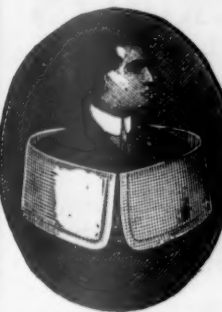
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BOOKS OF THE MONTH. A Chronicle of the Noteworthy Publications of March, with a Reviewing Commentary.

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